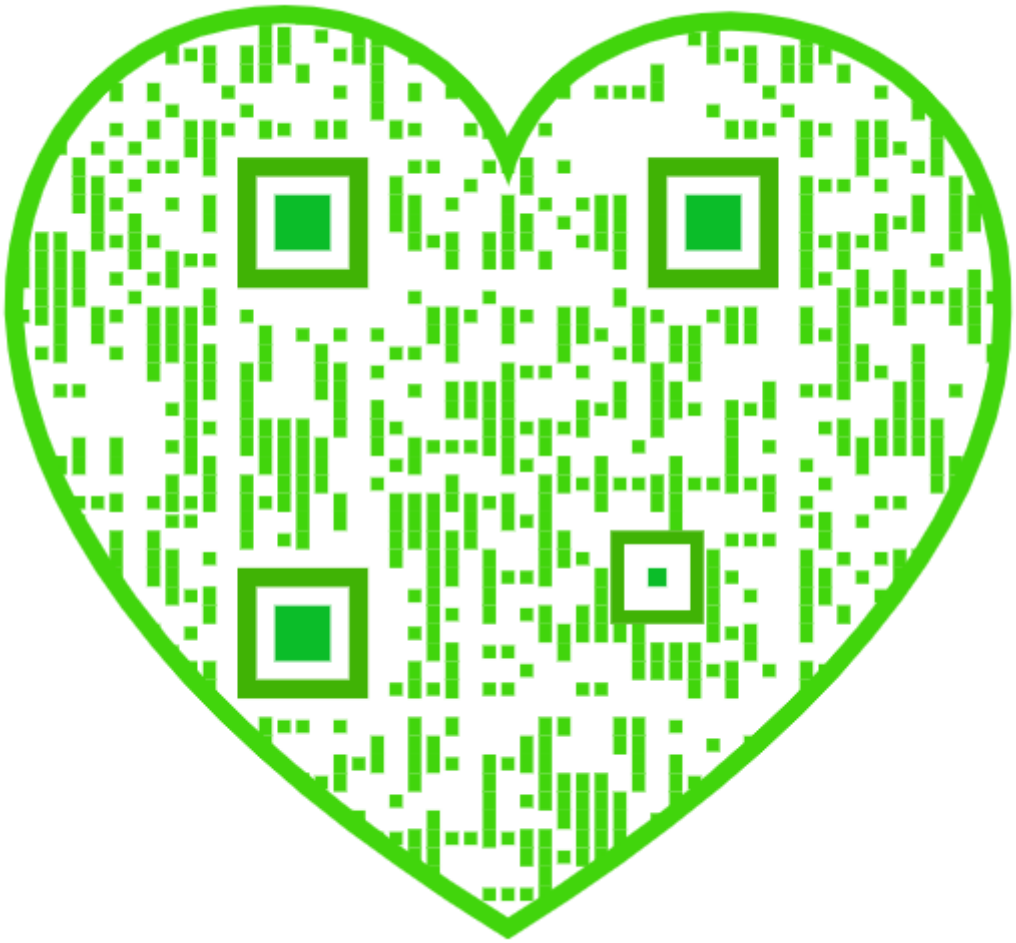
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00001496888



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

# PEARLS

# FOR YOUNG LADIES.

*FROM THE LATER WORKS OF*

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

INCLUDING

LETTERS AND ADVICE

ON

EDUCATION, DRESS, MARRIAGE, INFLUENCE, WORK, RIGHTS, ETC.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

MRS. LOUISA C. TUTHILL.

"Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

*SECOND EDITION.*

NEW YORK

Merrill and Baker

74 FIFTH AVENUE

MT. PLEASANT

BJ1681
.R2
1870

COPYRIGHT,
1070,
BY JOHN WILEY & SONS.

TRANSFER
D. C. PUBLIC LIBRARY
SEPT. 10, 1940

DRUMMOND & NEU,
*Electrotypers,*
New York.

FERRIS BROS.,
*Printers,*
New York.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA PROPERTY
TRANSFERRED FROM PUBLIC LIBRARY

902375

# PREFACE.

One of the most brilliant, discursive, and original authors of the present century is the celebrated John Ruskin, LL.D., Professor of Art in Oxford University, England.

Having explored Nature, from the highest clouds floating above the earth, to the tiniest moss clinging to its surface; he has written a series of books, describing the whole realm with the imagination of a poet, and the profound knowledge of a physiologist.

Mr. Ruskin's talent and taste for Art might have rendered him famous as an artist; he preferred giving to the world, by his writings, the knowledge of architecture, sculpture and painting, acquired by keen observation and extensive study of the works of artists, ancient and modern.

In his later and recent writings it has been his design to act upon human life in its social, domestic and personal relations, so as to correct in

it what is corrupt and vicious and to impart wisdom and goodness.

Mr. Ruskin's works are so voluminous, that very few private libraries and not many public libraries contain them all; hence selections from them have been acceptable to general readers.

The present volume, for young ladies, has been gathered from thousands of pages of his later works—letters, advice, sentiments, examples, and general principles; "Pearls" from an ocean of thought. L. C. T.

PRINCETON, August 28th, 1878.

# INTRODUCTION.

VERY few young ladies know anything of Mr. Ruskin, excepting that he is a celebrated author. They may, therefore, be glad to learn something of his early life—his aims, and his success in after years, as seen from his own point of view.

His violent invectives against what he believes to be wrong-thinking and wrong-doing, have led to a misapprehension of his personality.

An American lady, while travelling in England not long since, met a lady who resides near Mr. Ruskin, at Denmark Hill. The English lady said: "Mr. Ruskin is the kindest and best of neighbors; we all love him."

L. C. T.

"Though like a lion in his wrath,
He was as gentle too;
A little flow'r was on his path,—
He spared it,—kind Sir Hugh!
"Upon his shield a castle tall;
And plain to ev'ry eye
His motto, blazon'd on the wall:
**Amicis et mihi.**"

OLD BALLAD.

# INDEX.


*AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

PAGE

Blessings of childhood, . . . . . xx
Cause of the bias of after life, . . . . xiv
Characteristics; Free will, . . . . xxxvii
Dates and teaching of different works, . . xxxv
Designed for the Church, . . . . . xv
Dominant calamities, . . . . . xxi
Early church-going; his sermon, . . . xvi
Early reading, . . . . . xxv
Effect of failure, . . . . . xxxix
Effects of this study, . . . . . xxx
Faults of education; nurse Anne, . . . xxiii
His father; travels with him, . . . . xiii
Introduction, . . . . . v
Juvenile poem, . . . . . xxxiv
Learning the Bible by heart, . . . . xxv
Lessons; effect of independence, . . . xviii
List of chapters committed to memory, . . xxx
Manner of studying the Bible, . . . . xxviii
Meeting with James Forbes, . . . . xxxi
Patience of his mother, . . . . . xxvi
Playthings; house and garden, . . . . xvii
The art gift inherited, . . . . . xxxiii
Unsympathetic friends, . . . . . xxxviii

*EDUCATION.*

PAGE
Advice to a young girl, . . . . . 1
Astronomy, Geometry, Arithmetic, . . . . 104
Beginning of education, . . . . . 178
Books of the hour, etc., . . . . . 12
Choice of books, . . . . . 18
Civil law, Christian law, . . . . . 107
Derivation of words, . . . . . 19
Devotional and dogmatic theology, . . . . 108
False modesty—Dress, . . . . . 68
Grammar, . . . . . 101
Guardian angels, . . . . . 283
Healthy reading, . . . . . 281
Kind of education for women, . . . . . 42
Lady Jane Grey, . . . . . 233
Lessons from crystals, . . . . . 52
Letter to a young lady on dress, . . . . 222
Liberty not independence, . . . . . 135
Literature for girls, . . . . . 47
Logic, Music, . . . . . 103
Music and patience, . . . . . 51
Practical theology, . . . . . 107
Reverence and compassion, . . . . . 109
Rhetoric, . . . . . 101
St. George's orders to a school-girl, . . . 239
Sugar-tongs, . . . . . 20
The moment of choice, . . . . . 98
Waste of vital power, . . . . . 49

*WOMAN.*

A wife's notion, . . . . . 238
Courage, gentleness, courtesy, . . . . 92
Dress for beholders, . . . . . 257

PAGE

Employment for women, . . . . . 163
Evidence of facts given by the human heart, . . 36
Games of life, . . . . . 85
Greek heroines, . . . . . 33
Kingly and queenly, . . . . . 24
Letter on woman's work, . . . . . 205
Mischievous fair ones, . . . . . 277
Noble tribute to woman, . . . . . 22
Poem of a Knight of Pisa, . . . . . 32
Scott's idea of woman, . . . . . 30
Shakespeare's heroines, . . . . . 28
" testimony to woman, . . . . 30
Testimony of Dante, . . . . . 31
The best women the most difficult to know, . . 22
The industrious princess, . . . . . 257
The Madonna, . . . . . 208
Three women who formed the mind of Scott, . . 178
Wise expenditure, . . . . . 134
Woman's function not determining, . . . . 39
Woman's guiding power, . . . . . 34
Woman's influence in the game of war, . . . 87
Woman's rights, . . . . . 26
Young unmarried women, . . . . . 236

*NATURE AND ART.*

Blossom of the thorn, . . . . . 133
Condition of good work, . . . . . 83
Definition of an artist, . . . . . 236
Gradation of life, . . . . . 71
Healthy art, . . . . . 97
Importance of accuracy, . . . . . 95
Meaning of creation, . . . . . 162
Music and dancing, . . . . . 110

PAGE
Perfection of music, . . . . . 114
Perversion of art, . . . . . 112
Plant-pets, . . . . . 218
Plants and their teaching, . . . . . 129
Power of painting, . . . . . 281
Right art a teacher, . . . . . 74
Starlight, . . . . . 275
The bird, embodied spirit, . . . . . 79
The robin, . . . . . 117
The shaping power, . . . . . 77
True architecture, . . . . . 149

*NARRATIVE AND CRITICISM.*

Alice of Salisbury, . . . . . 258
Author of the *Mirror of Peasants*, . . . . 172
Carpaccio's Princess, . . . . . 145
Destiny and providence, . . . . . 278
Fellow-travellers, . . . . . 248
Frankness, . . . . . 210
Giotto's "Poverty," . . . . . 213
Gotthelf's "Hansli," . . . . . 185
Heart of Midlothian, . . . . . 279
Largesse or generosity, . . . . . 213
Main use of works of fiction, . . . . . 155
*Redgauntlet*, . . . . . 218
Saint Ursula, . . . . . 260
Sir Walter Scott, . . . . . 176
Sympathy necessary to comprehension, . . . 153
Three great divisions of life, . . . . . 177
Tobias, . . . . . 270
Toni's dog, . . . . . 274
True story from the journal of an Englishman, . 166
"Une paire de gants," . . . . . 229

*MORALS AND RELIGION.*


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Action and faith, | 154 |
| Advent teaching, | 224 |
| Answer to attacks on Scripture, | 93 |
| Candles, | 137 |
| Charity in judging, | 73 |
| Christmas, | 138 |
| Christ's law of property, | 245 |
| Corollary on 8th Psalm, | 228 |
| "Deliver us from evil," | 271 |
| Duties of the higher classes, | 120 |
| Essentials of life, | 136 |
| God a kind father, | 67 |
| Heathen poets and philosophers, | 75 |
| Modesty, the measuring virtue, | 81 |
| Our Divine King, | 227 |
| Precious stones and skins of the Tabernacle, | 125 |
| Redeemed from death, | 268 |
| Retribution, | 144 |
| Self-sacrifice, | 63 |
| Station in life, | 174 |
| Sunday, a glad day, | 152 |
| Test of usefulness of possessions, | 51 |
| The conventual system, | 69 |
| The presence of Christ, | 216 |
| The purest souls the truest, | 71 |
| The right, | 258 |
| The sin of Judas, | 50 |
| The spirit of life, | 223 |
| The 19th Psalm, | 272 |
| "Thy kingdom come," | 94 |
| True humility, | 113 |
| True religions forms of prayers, | 276 |

*MISCELLANEOUS.*


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Faithful love, | 124 |
| Marriage in an ideal kingdom, | 123 |
| Proceeds of "Denmark Hill," | 256 |
| Sensation ennobling, | 23 |
| Signs of degeneracy, | 120 |
| The purest faculties most liable to corruption, | 115 |
| The telegraph, | 165 |
| True marriage, | 38 |

IN THE

# FOLLOWING EXTRACTS,

GATHERED HERE AND THERE

BY THE EDITOR,

MAY BE FOUND WHAT MR. RUSKIN SAYS OF HIMSELF.

My father began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted the bequest, and paid them all before he began to lay by anything for himself, for which his best friends called him a fool, and I, without expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was an "entirely honest merchant."

Years went on, and I came to be four or five years old: he could command a post-chaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the

round of his country customers. I saw all the highroads, and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer; and I used to read the *Abbot* at Kinross and the *Monastery* in Glen Farg, which I confused with "Glendearg," and thought that the White Lady had as certainly lived by the streamlet in that glen of the Ochils, as the Queen of Scots in the island of Loch Leven.

It happened also, which was the real cause of the bias of my after life, that my father had a rare love of pictures. I use the word "rare" advisedly, having never met with another instance of so innate a faculty for the discernment of true art, up to the point possible without actual practice. Accordingly, wherever there was a gallery to be seen, we stopped at the nearest town for the night; and in reverentest manner I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England; not indeed myself at that age caring for the pictures, but much for castles and ruins, feeling more and more, as I grew older, the healthy delight of uncovetous admiration, and perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house, and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in

Warwick Castle, and have nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick Square in the least more pleasantly habitable, to pull Warwick Castle down. And, at this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles.

My mother had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly devoted me to God before I was born; in imitation of Hannah. "Devoting me to God" meant, as far as my mother knew herself what she meant, that she would try to send me to college, and make a clergyman of me: and I was accordingly bred for "the Church." My father, who—rest be to his soul—had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother in large things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me, without saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry trade as an unclean thing; not without some pardonable participation in my mother's ultimate views for me. For, many and many a year afterwards, I remember, while he was speaking to one of our artist friends, who admired Raphael, and greatly regretted my endeavors to interfere with that popular taste,—while my father and he were condoling with each other on my having been impudent enough to think I could tell the public about Turner and

Raphael,—instead of contenting myself, as I ought, with explaining the way of their soul's salvation to them—and what an amiable clergyman was lost in me,—"Yes," said my father, with tears in his eyes—(true and tender tears as ever father shed)—"He would have been a bishop."

Luckily for me, my mother, under these distinct impressions of her own duty, and with such latent hopes of my future eminence, took me very early to church; where, in spite of my quiet habits, and my mother's golden vinaigrette, always indulged to me there, and there only, with its lid unclasped that I might see the wreathed open pattern above the sponge, I found the bottom of the pew so extremely dull a place to keep quiet in (my best story-books being also taken away from me in the morning), that—as I have somewhere said before—the horror of Sunday used even to cast its prescient gloom as far back in the week as Friday—and all the glory of Monday, with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it."

I arrived at some abstract in my own mind of the Rev. Mr. Howell's sermons; and occasionally—in imitation of him, preached a sermon at home over the red sofa cushions;—this performance being always called for by my mother's dearest friends, as the great accomplishment of my childhood. The sermon was—I believe—

some eleven words long—very exemplary, it seems to me, in that respect—and I still think must have been the purest gospel, for I know it began with "People, be good."

I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toy-shops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older, I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion.

The group, of which our house was the quarter, consisted of two precisely similar partner-couples of houses,—gardens and all to match; still the two highest blocks of building seen from Norwood on the crest of the ridge; which, even within the time I remember, rose with no stinted beauty of wood and lawn above the Dulwich fields.

The house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its upper windows, of the Norwood hills on one

side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames, with Windsor in the distance, on the other, and the summer sunset over these. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size. Possessing also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the ground was wholly beneficent), with magical splendor of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendent ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in gen-

eral, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before dinner at half-past one, and for the rest of the afternoon. My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me —at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure; for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and on the whole, by the time I was seven years old was already getting too independent mentally, even of my father and mother; and having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals) that I occupied in the universe.

This was partly the fault of my father's modesty; and partly of his pride. He had so much more confidence in my mother's judgment as to such matters than in his own, that he never ventured even to help, much less to cross her, in the conduct of my education.

I never had heard my father's or mother's

voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time.

Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true.

Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind—on which I will not further enlarge at this moment, this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had

"the most analytic mind in Europe." An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur.

Lastly, an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, given by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comfits, or, except in carefullest restriction, fruit; and by fine preparation of what food was given me. Such I esteem the main blessings of my childhood;—next, let me count the equally dominant calamities.

First, that I had nothing to love.

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do. The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came

with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

For (second of chief calamities) I had nothing to endure. Danger or pain of any kind I knew not: my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified. Not that I was ever afraid of anything, —either ghosts, thunder, or beasts; and one of the nearest approaches to insubordination which I was ever tempted into as a child, was in passionate effort to get leave to play with the lion's cubs in Wombwell's menagerie.

Thirdly. I was taught no precision nor etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness.

Lastly, and chief of evils. My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action,* were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required, is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the

---

* *Action*, observe, I say here ; in *thought* I was too independent, as said above.

barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. The ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its elements.

My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time, must be, that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. My mother saw this herself, and but too clearly, in later years; and whenever I did anything wrong, stupid, or hard-hearted—(and I have done many things that were all three)—always said, "It is because you were too much indulged."

Among the people whom one must miss out of one's life, dead, or worse than dead, by the time one is 54, I can only say, for my own part, that the one I practically and truly miss most, next to father and mother (and putting losses of imaginary good out of the question), was a "menial," my father's nurse, and mine. She was one of our many—(our many being always but few)—and, from her girlhood to her old age, the entire ability of her life was given to serving us. She had a natural gift and specialty for

doing disagreeable things; above all, the service of a sick-room; so that she was never quite in her glory unless some of us were ill. She had also some parallel specialty for *saying* disagreeable things; and might be relied upon to give the extremely darkest view of any subject, before proceeding to ameliorative action upon it. And she had a very creditable and republican aversion to doing immediately, or in set terms, as she was bid; so that when my mother and she got old together, and my mother became very imperative and particular about having her tea-cup set on one side of her little round table, Anne would observantly and punctiliously put it always on the other; which caused my mother to state to me, every morning after breakfast, gravely, that, if ever a woman in this world was possessed by the Devil, Anne was that woman. But in spite of these momentary and petulant aspirations to liberality and independence of character, poor Anne remained verily servile in soul all her days; and was altogether occupied from the age of 15 to 72, in doing other people's wills instead of her own, and seeking other people's good instead of her own: nor did I ever hear on any occasion of her doing harm to a human being, except by saving two hundred and some odd pounds for her relations; in consequence of which some of them, after her

funeral, did not speak to the rest for several months.

I had Walter Scott's novels and the Iliad (Pope's translation), for my only reading, when I was a child, on week-days: on Sundays their effect was tempered by *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress;* my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much preferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the end of the matter was, that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan, and yet —am not an evangelical clergyman.

I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day of the week. (Have patience with me in this egotism: it is necessary for many reasons that you should know what influences have brought me into the temper in which I write to you.)

Walter Scott and Pope's Homer were reading of my own selection, but my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and

resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. From Walter Scott's novels I might easily, as I grew older, have fallen to other people's novels; and Pope might, perhaps, have led me to take Johnson's English, or Gibbon's, as types of language; but, once knowing the 32d of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English, and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into. From my own masters, then, Scott and Homer, I learned the Toryism which my best after-thought has only served to confirm.

We scarcely ever, in our study of education, ask this most essential of all questions about a man, What *patience* had his mother or sister with him?

It is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise —toil on both sides equal—by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn all the

Scotch paraphrases by heart, and ever so many chapters of the Bible besides (the eighth of 1st Kings being one,—try it, good reader, in a leisure hour!) allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the "of" in the lines

> "Shall any following spring revive
> The ashes of the urn?"

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents), on reciting it, "The ashes *of* the urn." It was not, I say, till after three weeks' labor, that my mother got the accent laid upon the ashes, to her mind. But had it taken three years, she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it, I had been simply an avaricious picture collector, or perhaps even a more avaricious money collector, to this day; and had she done it wrongly, no after-study would ever have enabled me to read so much as a single line of verse.

I feel how much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make

me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their "concrete whole;" and above all, taught me to reverence them, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority; but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternately verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse, hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day ; if a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken.

It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which

cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm —has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God: "Oh, how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day."

I opened my oldest Bible just now, to look for the accurate words of David about the killed lamb;—a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings and 32d Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of those two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, learned every syllable accurately, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of it. And as probably the sagacious reader has already perceived that these letters are written in their irregular way, among other reasons that they may contain, as the relation may become apposite, so much of autobiography as it seems to me desirable to write, I will take what indulgence the sagacious reader will give me, for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Exodus, | chapters | 15th and 20th. |
| 2 Samuel | " | 1st, from 17th verse to the end. |
| 1 Kings | " | 8th. |
| Psalms | " | 23d, 32d, 90th, 91st, 103d, 112th, 119th, 139th. |
| Proverbs | " | 2d, 3d, 8th, 12th. |
| Isaiah | " | 58th. |
| Matthew | " | 5th, 6th, 7th. |
| Acts | " | 26th. |
| 1 Corinthians | " | 13th, 15th. |
| James | " | 4th. |
| Revelation | " | 5th, 6th. |

And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge,—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life,—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education.

For the chapters became, indeed, strictly conclusive and protective to me in all modes of thought ; and the body of divinity they contain acceptable through all fear or doubt: nor through any fear or doubt or fault have I ever lost my loyalty to them, nor betrayed the first command in the one I was made to repeat

oftenest, "Let not Mercy and Truth forsake Thee."

And at my present age of fifty-five, in spite of some enlarged observations of what modern philosophers call the Reign of Law, I perceive more distinctly than ever the Reign of a Spirit of Mercy and Truth,—infinite in pardon and purification for its wandering and faultful children, who have yet Love in their hearts; and altogether adverse and implacable to its perverse and lying enemies, who have resolute hatred in their hearts, and resolute falsehood on their lips.

VILLAGE OF SIMPLON, *2d September*, 1876.

I AM writing in the little one-windowed room opening from the salle-à-manger of the Hôtel de la Poste; but under some little disadvantage, being disturbed partly by the invocation, as it might be fancied, of calamity on the heads of nations, by the howling of a frantic wind from the Col; and partly by the merry clattering of the knives and forks of a hungry party in the salon doing their best to breakfast adequately, while the diligence changes horses.

In that same room—a little earlier in the year—two-and-thirty years ago, my father and mother and I were sitting at one end of the long table in the evening: and at the other end of it, a quiet, somewhat severe-looking, and pale, Eng-

lish (as we suppose) traveller, with his wife; she, and my mother, working; her husband carefully completing some mountain outlines in his sketch-book.

Those days are become very dim to me; and I forget which of the groups spoke first. My father and mother were always as shy as children; and our busy fellow-traveller seemed to us taciturn, slightly inaccessible, and even Alpestre, and, as it were, hewn out of mountain flint, in his serene labor.

Whether some harmony of Scottish accent struck my father's ear, or the pride he took in his son's accomplishments prevailed over his own shyness, I think we first ventured word across the table, with view of informing the grave draughtsman that *we* also could draw. Whereupon my own sketch-book was brought out, the pale traveller politely permissive. My good father and mother had stopped at the Simplon for me (and now, feeling miserable myself in the thin air, I know what it cost them), because I wanted to climb the high point immediately west of the Col, thinking thence to get a perspective of the chain joining the Fletschhorn to the Monte Rosa. I had been drawing there the best part of the afternoon, and had brought down with me careful studies of the Fletschhorn itself, and of a great pyramid far eastward, whose name I did

not know, but, from its bearing, supposed it must be the Matterhorn, which I had then never seen.

I have since lost both these drawings; and if they were given away, in the old times, when I despised the best I did, because it was not like Turner, and any friend has preserved them, I wish they might be returned to me; for they would be of value in Deucalion, and of greater value to myself; as having won for me, that evening, the sympathy and help of James Forbes. For his eye grew keen, and his face attentive, as he examined the drawings; and he turned instantly to me as to a recognized fellow-workman,—though yet young, no less faithful than himself.

He heard kindly what I had to ask about the chain I had been drawing; only saying, with a slightly proud smile, of my peak supposed to be the Matterhorn,* "No,—and when once you have seen the Matterhorn, you will never take anything else for it!"

I repeat it again and yet again,—that I may for once, if possible, make this thing assuredly clear:—the inherited art-gift must be there, as well as the life in some poor measure, or rescued fragment, right. This art-gift of mine could not

* It was the Weisshorn.

have been won by any work, or by any conduct: it belongs to me by birthright, and came from the air of English country villages, and Scottish hills. I will risk whatever charge of folly may come on me, for printing one of my many childish rhymes, written on a frosty day in Glen Farg, just north of Loch Leven. It bears date 1st January, 1828. I was born on the 8th of February, 1819; and all that I ever could be, and all that I cannot be, the weak little rhyme already shows.

"Papa, how pretty those icicles are,
That are seen so near,—that are seen so far;
—Those dropping waters that come from the rocks
And many a hole, like the haunt of a fox.
That silvery stream that runs babbling along,
Making a murmuring, dancing song.
Those trees that stand waving upon the rock's side,
And men, that, like spectres, among them glide,
And waterfalls that are heard from far,
And come in sight when very near.
And the water-wheel that turns slowly round,
Grinding the corn that—requires to be ground,—

(Political Economy of the future!)

——And mountains at a distance seen,
And rivers winding through the plain;
And quarries with their craggy stones,
And the wind among them moans."

So foretelling Stones of Venice.

In rough approximation of date nearest to the completion of the several pieces of my past work, as they are built one on the other,—at twenty, I wrote "Modern Painters;" at thirty, "The Stones of Venice;" at forty, "Unto this Last;" at fifty, the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and—if "Fors Clavigera" is ever finished as I mean—it will mark the mind I had at sixty; and leave me in my seventh day of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had to teach will then be, in form, as it is at this hour, in substance, completed. "Modern Painters" taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men; of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it, I am fulfilling what I then began.

The "Stones of Venice" taught the laws of constructive Art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman. "Unto this Last" taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice; the Inaugural Oxford lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labor recognized, by the upper, no less than the lower classes of England; and lastly "Fors Clavigera" has declared the relation of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and

honor, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in the holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day; and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to His creatures, and an immortal Father to His children.

This, then, is the message, which, knowing no more as I unfolded the scroll of it, what next would be written there, than a blade of grass knows what the form of its fruit shall be, I have been led on year by year to speak even to this its end.

What I am, since I take on me the function of a teacher, it is well that the reader should know, as far as I can tell him.

Not an unjust person; not an unkind one; not a false one; a lover of order, labor, and peace. That, it seems to me, is enough to give me right to say all I care to say on ethical subjects; more, I could only tell definitely through details of autobiography such as none but prosperous and (in the simple sense of the word) faultless, lives could justify—and mine has been neither.

Having said so much, I am content to leave

both life and work to be remembered or forgotten, as their uses may deserve.

In many things I am the reverse of Conservative; nay, there are some long-established things which I hope to see changed before I die; but I want still to keep the fields of England green, and her cheeks red; and that girls should be taught to curtsey, and boys to take their hats off, when a professor or otherwise dignified person passes by; and that kings should keep their crowns on their heads, and bishops their crosiers in their hands; and should duly recognize the significance of the crown, and the use of the crook.

I find some of my friends greatly agitated in mind about Responsibility, Free-will, and the like. I settled all those matters for myself, before I was ten years old, by jumping up and down an awkward turn of four steps in my nursery-stairs, and considering whether it was likely that God knew whether I should jump only three, or the whole four at a time. Having settled it in my mind that He knew quite well, though I didn't, which I should do; and also whether I should fall or not in the course of the performance,—though I was altogether responsible for taking care not to,—I never troubled my head more on the matter, from that day to this. But my friends keep buzzing and puzzling

about it, as if they had to order the course of the world themselves; and won't attend to me for an instant, if I ask why little girls have large shoes.

I don't suppose any man, with a tongue in his head, and zeal to use it, was ever left so entirely unattended to, as he grew old, by his early friends; and it is doubly and trebly strange to me, because I have lost none of my power of sympathy with *them*. Some are chemists; and I am always glad to hear of the last new thing in elements; some are palæontologists, and I am no less happy to know of any lately unburied beast peculiar in his bones; the lawyers and clergymen can always interest me with any story out of their courts or parishes;—but not one of them ever asks what I am about myself. If they chance to meet me in the streets of Oxford, they ask whether I am staying there. When I say, yes, they ask how I like it; and when I tell them I don't like it at all, and don't think little girls should have large shoes, they tell me I ought to read the "Cours de Philosophie Positive." As if a man who had lived to be fifty-four, content with what philosophy was needful to assure him that salt was savory, and pepper hot, could ever be made positive in his old age, in the impertinent manner of these youngsters. But positive in a pertinent and

practical manner, I have been, and shall be; with such stern and steady wedge of fact and act as time may let me drive into the gnarled block-headism of the British mob.

You know there is a tendency in the minds of many men, when they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of their life, to feel, and perhaps in warning, perhaps in mockery, to declare that life itself is a vanity. Because it has disappointed them, they think its nature is of disappointment always, or at best, of pleasure that can be grasped by imagination only; that the cloud of it has no strength nor fire within; but is a painted cloud only, to be delighted in, yet despised. You know how beautifully Pope has expressed this particular phase of thought:

> "Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,
> These painted clouds that beautify our days;
> Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
> And each vacuity of sense, by pride.
>
> "Hope builds as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
> In Folly's cup, still laughs the bubble joy.
> One pleasure past, another still we gain,
> And not a vanity is given in vain."

But the effect of failure upon my own mind has been just the reverse of this. The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. It seemed, contrarily to Pope's saying, that the vanity of it *was* in-

deed given in vain; but that there was something behind the veil of it, which was not vanity. It became to me not a painted cloud, but a terrible and impenetrable one: not a mirage, which vanished as I drew near, but a pillar of darkness, to which I was forbidden to draw near. For I saw that both my own failure, and such success in petty things as in its poor triumph seemed to me worse than failure, came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to noble and due end; as, on the other hand, I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in the arts, or in any other occupation, had come from the ruling of lower purposes, not by a conviction of their nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, or in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality; and that, indeed, the arts themselves never had reached any vital strength or honor but in the effort to proclaim this immortality, and in the service either of great and just religion, or of some unselfish patriotism, and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion.

# PEARLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG GIRL.

THE education and claims of women have greatly troubled simple minds and excited restless ones. I am sometimes asked my thoughts on this matter, and I suppose that some girl readers may desire to be told summarily what I would have them do and desire in the present state of things. This, then, is what I would say to any girl who had confidence enough in me to believe what I told her, or do what I ask her.

First, be quite sure of one thing, that, however much you may know, and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good you may be, you have not been singled out, by the God who made you, from all the other girls in the world, to be especially informed respecting his own nature and character. You have not been born in a luminous point upon the surface of the globe, where a perfect theology might be expounded to

you from your youth up, and where everything you were taught would be true, and everything that was enforced upon you, right. Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions that by any chance could enter and hold your empty little heart, this is the proudest and foolishest,—that you have been so much the darling of the Heavens, and favorite of the Fates, as to be born in the very nick of time, and in the punctual place, when and where pure Divine truth had been sifted from the errors of the Nations; and that your papa had been providentially disposed to buy a house in the convenient neighborhood of the steeple under which that Immaculate and final verity would be beautifully proclaimed. Do not think it; it is not so. This, on the contrary, is the fact,—unpleasant you may think it; pleasant, it seems to *me*,—that you, with all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, are not one whit more thought of or loved by the great Maker and Master than any poor little red, black, or blue savage, running wild in the pestilent woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth: and that, of the two, you probably know less about God than she does; the only difference being that she thinks little of Him that is right, and you, much that is wrong.

That, then, is the first thing to make sure of;

—that you are not yet perfectly well-informed on the most abstruse of all possible subjects, and that, if you care to behave with modesty or propriety, you had better be silent about it.

The second thing which you may make sure of is, that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—effort to get quit of them. And so far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many soever you may find or fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence,—Idleness and Cruelty. Perhaps you may be proud. Well, we can get much good out of pride, if only it be not religious. Perhaps you may be vain: it is highly probable; and very pleasant for the people who like to praise you. Perhaps you are a little envious: that is really very shocking; but then—so is everybody else. Perhaps, also, you are a little malicious, which I am truly concerned to hear, but should probably only the more, if I knew you, enjoy your conversation. But whatever else you may be, you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. If there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively

by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any others;—that His first order is, "Work while you have light;" and His second, "Be merciful while you have mercy."

"Work while you have light," especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days; sometimes prudently forget them; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain; but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned *you*, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep, to a rightly-thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only in that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method, they are to be solemn days. Take your Latin dictionary, and look out "sollennis," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your early life is ordaining

irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature: and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it: as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

Write down, then, frankly, what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling

upon those inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into. You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself. Thus, from the beginning, consider all your accomplishments as means of assistance to others. In music especially you will soon find what personal benefit there is in being serviceable: it is probable that, however limited your powers, you have voice and ear enough to sustain a note of moderate compass in a concerted piece;—that, then, is the first thing to make sure you can do. Get your voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy; never of effect or expression: if you have any soul worth expressing it will show itself in your singing; but most likely there are very few feelings in you, at present, needing any particular expression; and the one thing you have to do is to make a clear-voiced little instrument of yourself, which other people can entirely depend upon for the note wanted. So, in drawing, as soon as you can set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to another person, or make the look of it clear and

interesting to a child, you will begin to enjoy the art vividly for its own sake, and all your habits of mind and powers of memory will gain precision, but if you only try to make showy drawings for praise, or pretty ones for amusement, your drawing will have little or no real interest for you, and no educational power whatever.

Then, besides this more delicate work, resolve to do every day some that is useful in the vulgar sense. Learn first thoroughly the economy of the kitchen; the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation: when you have time, go and help in the cooking of poorer families, and show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make little, nice: coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table-cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. If you manage to get a clean table-cloth, bright plates on it, and a good dish in the middle, of your own cooking, you may ask leave to say a short grace; and let your religious ministries be confined to that much for the present. Again, let a certain part of your day (as little as you choose, but not to be broken in upon) be set apart for making strong and pretty dresses for the poor. Learn the sound qualities of all useful stuffs, and make

everything of the best you can get. Every day, some little piece of useful clothing, sewn with your own fingers as strongly as it can be stitched; and embroider it or otherwise beautify it moderately with fine needlework, such as a girl may be proud of having done. And accumulate these things by you until you hear of some honest persons in need of clothing, which may often too sorrowfully be; and, even though you should be deceived, and give them to the dishonest, and hear of their being at once taken to the pawnbroker's, never mind that, for the pawnbroker must sell them to some one who has need of them. That is no business of yours; what concerns you is only that when you see a half-naked child, you should have good and fresh clothes to give it, if its parents will let it be taught to wear them. If they will not, consider how they came to be of such a mind, which it will be wholesome for you beyond most subjects of inquiry to ascertain. And after you have gone on doing this a little while, you will begin to understand the meaning of at least one chapter of your Bible, Proverbs xxxi., without need of any labored comment, sermons, or meditations.

You must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to

say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness. Then, secondly, I said, you are not to be cruel. Perhaps you think there is no chance of your being so; and, indeed, I hope it is not likely that you should be deliberately unkind to any creature; but unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many. Cruel, partly through want of imagination (a far rarer and weaker faculty in women than men), and yet more, at the present day, through the subtle encouragement of your selfishness by the religious doctrine that all which we now suppose to be evil will be brought to a good end; doctrine practically issuing, not in less earnest efforts that the immediate unpleasantness may be averted from ourselves, but in our remaining satisfied in the contemplation of its ultimate objects, when it is inflicted on others.

Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here, is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both; and to strive to promote the one, and to conquer the other, with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world than this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones. If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not

expect Providence to make it palatable; neither if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted: the consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of the feast of a day.

Think carefully and bravely over these things, and you will find them true: having found them so, think also carefully over your own position in life. I assume that you belong to the middle or upper classes, and that you would shrink from descending into a lower sphere. You may fancy you would not: nay, if you are very good, strong-hearted, and romantic, perhaps you really would not: but it is not wrong that you should. You have then, I suppose, good food, pretty rooms to live in, pretty dresses to wear, power of obtaining every rational and wholesome pleasure; you are, moreover, probably gentle and grateful, and in the habit of every day thanking God for these things. But why do you thank Him? Is it because, in these matters, as well as in your religious knowledge, you think He has made a favorite of you? Is the essential meaning of

your thanksgiving, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other girls are, not in that I fast twice in the week while they feast, but in that I feast seven times a week while they fast," and are you quite sure this is a pleasing form of thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father? Suppose you saw one of your own true earthly sisters, Lucy or Emily, cast out of your mortal father's house, starving, helpless, heart-broken; and that every morning when you went into your father's room, you said to him, "How good you are, father, to give me what you don't give Lucy;" are you sure that, whatever anger your parent might have just cause for against your sister, he would be pleased by that thanksgiving, or flattered by that praise? Nay, are you even sure that you *are* so much the favorite: suppose that, all this while, he loves poor Lucy just as well as you, and is only trying you through her pain, and perhaps not angry with her in anywise, but deeply angry with you, and all the more for your thanksgivings? Would it not be well that you should think, and earnestly too, over this standing of yours; and all the more, if you wish to believe that text, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God"?

Think, then, and some day, I believe, you will feel also,—no morbid passion of pity such as would turn you into a black Sister of Charity,

but the steady fire of perpetual kindness which will make you a bright one. I speak in no disparagement of them; I know well how good the Sisters of Charity are, and how much we owe to them; but all these professional pieties (except so far as distinction or association may be necessary for effectiveness of work) are in their spirit wrong, and in practice merely plaster the sores of disease that ought never have been permitted to exist; encouraging at the same time the herd of less excellent women in frivolity, by leading them to think that they must either be good up to the black standard, or cannot be good for anything. Wear a costume, by all means, if you like; but let it be a cheerful and becoming one; and be in your heart a Sister of Charity always, without either veiled or voluble declaration of it.

## THE BOOKS OF THE HOUR AND THE BOOKS OF ALL TIME.

All books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books

for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time; but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a

volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him

to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men;—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its

possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian

of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter?" "Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerable pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence."

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole

meaning you will not for a long time arrive in anywise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it.

## CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound.

I would urge upon every young woman to obtain as soon at she can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing, series of books for use through life; making her little library, of all the furniture in her room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche.

DERIVATION OF WORDS.

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of Eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying

to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

---

SUGAR TONGS.

HOTEL MEURICE,

*Paris*, 20*th October*, 1874.

Expecting to be cold, I had ordered fire, and sat down by it to read my letters as soon as I arrived, not noticing that the little parlor was getting much too hot. Presently, in comes the chambermaid, to put the bedroom in order, which one enters through the parlor. Perceiving that I am mismanaging myself, in the way of fresh air, as she passes through, "Il fait bien chaud, monsieur, ici," says she reprovingly, and with entire self-possession. Now that is French servant-character of the right old school. She knows her own position perfectly, and means to stay in it, and wear her little white radiant frill of a cap all her days. She knows my position also; and has not the least fear of my thinking her impertinent because she tells me what it is right that I should know. Presently afterwards, an evidently German-importation of waiter

brings me up my breakfast, which has been longer in appearing than it would have been in old times. It looks all right at first,—the napkin, china, and solid silver sugar basin, all of the old régime. Bread, butter,—yes, of the best still. Coffee, milk,—all right too. But, at last, here is a bit of the new régime. There are no sugar-tongs; and the sugar is of beetroot, and in methodically similar cakes, which I must break with my finger and thumb if I want a small piece, and put back what I don't want for my neighbor, to-morrow.

At the best hotel in what has been supposed the most luxurious city of modern Europe,—because people are now always in a hurry to catch the train, they haven't time to use the sugar-tongs, or look for a little piece among differently sized lumps, and therefore they use their fingers.

Now, on the poorest farm of the St. George's Company, the servants shall have white and brown sugar of the best—or none. If we are too poor to buy sugar, we will drink our tea without; and have suet-dumpling instead of pudding. But among the earliest school lessons, and home lessons, decent behavior at table will be primarily essential; and of such decency, one little exact point will be—the neat, patient, and scrupulous use of sugar-tongs instead of fingers. If we are too poor to have silver basins, we will

have delf ones; if not silver tongs, we will have wooden ones; and the boys of the house shall be challenged to cut, and fit together, the prettiest and handiest machines of the sort they can contrive. In six months you would find more real art fancy brought out in the wooden handles and claws, than there is now in all the plate in London.

### A NOBLE TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

### THE BEST WOMEN THE MOST DIFFICULT TO KNOW.

The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know; they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children; they are only to be divined, not discerned, by the stranger; and, sometimes, seem almost helpless except in their homes; yet without the help of one of them* the day would probably have come before now,

* *φίλη.*

when I should have written and thought no more.

On the other hand, the fashion of the time renders whatever is forward, coarse, or senseless, in feminine nature, too palpable to all men:—the weak picturesqueness of my earlier writings brought me acquainted with much of their emptiest enthusiasm; and the chances of later life gave me opportunities of watching women in states of degradation and vindictiveness which opened to me the gloomiest secrets of Greek and Syrian tragedy.

## SENSATION ENNOBLING.

All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns.*" Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation, lately; but, I can tell

you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earthworms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

## KINGLY AND QUEENLY.

I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly;* conferring, indeed, the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visi-

ble insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the "Likeness of a kingly crown have on;" or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me further, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territoties over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power

of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors

respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave !

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigor, and honor, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing, namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point; let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

## SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.

And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale;—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play,

the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error: — "Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool Do with so good a wife?"

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's Tale, and in Cymbeline, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In Measure for Measure, the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In Coriolanus, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted, saves him —not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle

angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

### SHAKESPEARE'S TESTIMONY TO WOMAN.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

### SCOTT'S IDEA OF WOMAN.

Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged,

and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of men. Whereas in his imaginations of women—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lilias Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress.



### THE LADY OF DANTE'S GREAT POEM.

Next, take, though more briefly, graver and deeper testimony—that of the great Italians and

Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady, a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human: and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

### POEM OF A KNIGHT OF PISA.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease: besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honor and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

For lo ! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honor thee :
And so I do; and my delight is full,

Accepted for the servant of thy rule.
Without almost, I am all rapturous,
Since thus my will was set
To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence:
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
A pain or a regret,
But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense:
Considering that from thee all virtues spread
As from a fountain head,—
*That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,*
*And honor without fail;*
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

Lady, since I conceived
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,
*My life has been apart*
*In shining brightness and the place of truth;*
Which till that time, good sooth,
Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,
Where many hours and days
It hardly ever had remember'd good.
But now my servitude
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.

## THE GREEK HEROINES.

You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His own spiritual

subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister and daughter, in Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

### THE TESTIMONY OF CHAUCER AND ALL GREAT MEN TO WOMAN'S GUIDING POWER.

Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his

fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred; — how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle: and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm and cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent as you see it is on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle; for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible; but this, their ideal of

women, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think, for herself. The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? Are Shakespeare and Æschylus, Dante, and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affection?

### THE EVIDENCE OF FACTS GIVEN BY THE HUMAN HEART.

Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient*—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all

toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonor of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honorable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honorable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it *is* impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

I do not insist by any further argument on

this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feeling of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:

> "Ah wasteful woman! she who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
> How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
> How given for naught her priceless gift,
> How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine!" *

## TRUE MARRIAGE.

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and

* Coventry Patmore.

mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to intrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

### WOMAN'S FUNCTION GUIDING, NOT DETERMINING.

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar

things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of

error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. As it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth, watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none can come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be—will you not ad-

mit it to be,—the woman's true place and power. But do not you see that to fulfil this, she must —as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—"La donna e mobile," not "Qual piùm' al vento;" no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;" but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

## WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION IS TO FIT WOMAN FOR HER SPHERE.

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *right*ness—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, a lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle, or restrain.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"And *vital feelings of delight*
Shall rear her form to stately height,—
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
Here in this happy dell."

"*Vital* feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the

eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

This for the means; now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty:

> "A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet."

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel,

and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement; it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being forever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in

imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world, in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

## LITERATURE FOR GIRLS.

If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure

element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its over-wrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

I speak therefore of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it.

WASTE OF VITAL POWER IN RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

I will not speak of the crimes which in past times have been committed in the name of Christ, nor of the follies which are at this hour held to be consistent with obedience of him; but I *will* speak of the morbid corruption and waste of vital power in religious sentiment, by which the pure strength of that which should be the guiding soul of every nation, the splendor of its youthful manhood, and spotless light of its maidenhood, is averted or cast away. You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; you will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common

serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

## THE SIN OF JUDAS.

Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? But how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold? But who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them? Look into the history of any civilized nations; analyze, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this; pride, and lust, and envy, and anger, all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ; but they sell him.

### THE INSTINCT OF COMMUNICATION A TEST OF THE USEFULNESS OF OUR POSSESSIONS.

The moment we can use our possessions to any good purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to others rises side by side with our power. If you can read a book rightly, you will want others to hear it; if you can enjoy a picture rightly, you will want others to see it. Once fix your desire on anything useless, and all the purest pride and folly in your heart will mix with the desire, and make you at last wholly inhuman, a mere ugly lump of stomach and suckers, like a cuttle-fish.

### MUSIC AND PATIENCE.

L. Can you play a Mozart sonata yet, Isabel? The more need to practise. All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time. But there must be no hurry.

KATHLEEN. I'm sure there's no music in stopping in on a rainy day.

L. There's no music in a "rest," Katie, that I know of: but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody; and scrambling on without counting—not that it's easy to count; but nothing on

which so much depends ever *is* easy. People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude,—and the rarest, too. I know twenty persevering girls for one patient one: but it is only that twenty-first who can do her work, out and out, or enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness, when Impatience companions her.

CONVERSATION ON CRYSTALS AND THEIR LESSONS.

MARY. But what ought we to think about the crystal? Is there much to be thought—I mean, much to puzzle one?

L. I don't know what you call "much." It is a long time since I met with anything in which there was little. There's not much in this, perhaps. The crystal must be either dirty or clean —and there's an end. So it is with one's hands, and with one's heart—only you can wash your hands without changing them, but not hearts, nor crystals. On the whole, while you are young, it will be as well to take care that your hearts don't want much washing; for they may perhaps need wringing also, when they do.

(*Audience doubtful and uncomfortable.* LUCILLA *at last takes courage.*)

LUCILLA. Oh! but surely, sir, we cannot make our hearts clean?

L. Not easily, Lucilla; so you had better keep them so, when they are.

LUCILLA. When they are! But, sir—

L. Well?

LUCILLA. Sir—surely—are we not told that they are all evil?

L. Wait a little, Lucilla; that is difficult ground you are getting upon; and we must keep to our crystals, till at least we understand what *their* good and evil consists in; they may help us afterwards to some useful hints about our own. I said that their goodness consisted chiefly in purity of substance, and perfectness of form: but those are rather the *effects* of their goodness, than the goodness itself. The inherent virtues of the crystals, resulting in these outer conditions, might really seem to be best described in the words we should use respecting living creatures —"force of heart" and "steadiness of purpose."

MARY. Oh, if we could but understand the meaning of it all!

L. We can understand all that is good for us. It is just as true for us, as for the crystal, that the nobleness of life depends on its consistency, —clearness of purpose,—quiet and ceaseless

energy. All doubt, and repenting, and botching, and retouching, and wondering what it will be best to do next, are vice, as well as misery.

MARY (*much wondering*). But must not one repent when one does wrong, and hesitate when one can't see one's way?

L. You have no business at all to do wrong; nor to get into any way that you cannot see. Your intelligence should always be far in advance of your act. Whenever you do not know what you are about, you are sure to be doing wrong.

KATHLEEN. Oh dear, but I never know what I am about!

L. Very true, Katie, but it is a great deal to know, if you know that. And you find that you have done wrong afterward; and perhaps some day you may begin to know, or at least, think, what you are about.

The great difficulty is always to open people's eyes: to touch their feelings, and break their hearts, is easy; the difficult thing is to break their heads. What does it matter, as long as they remain stupid, whether you change their feelings or not? You cannot be always at their elbow to tell them what is right: and they may just do as wrong as before, or worse; and their best intentions merely make the road smooth for them,—you know where. For it is not the

place itself that is paved with them, as people say so often. You can't pave the bottomless pit; but you may the road to it.

MAY. Well, but if people do as well as they can see how, surely that is the right for them, isn't it?

L. No, May, not a bit of it; right is right, and wrong is wrong. It is only the fool who does wrong, and says she "did it for the best." And if there's one sort of person in the world that the Bible speaks harder of than another, it is fools. Their particular and chief way of saying "There is no God" is this, of declaring that whatever their "public opinion" may be, is right: and that God's opinion is of no consequence.

MAY. But surely nobody can always know what is right?

L. Yes, you always can, for to-day; and if you do what you see of to-day, you will see more of it, and more clearly, to-morrow.

A great many of young ladies' difficulties arise from their falling in love with a wrong person: but they have no business to let themselves fall in love, till they know he is the right one.

DORA. How many thousands ought he to have a year?

L. (*disdaining reply*). There are, of course, certain crises of fortune when one has to take care of oneself, and mind shrewdly what one is

about. There is never any real doubt about the path, but you may have to walk very slowly.

MARY. And if one is forced to do a wrong thing by some one who has authority over you?

No one can be forced to do a wrong thing, for the guilt is in the will: but you may any day be forced to do a fatal thing, as you might be forced to take poison; the remarkable law of nature in such cases being that it is always unfortunate *you* who are poisoned, and not the person who gives you the dose. It is a very strange law, but it *is* law. Nature merely sees to the carrying out of the normal operation of arsenic. She never troubles herself to ask who gave it you. So also you may be starved to death, morally as well as physically, by other people's faults. Do you think that your goodness comes all by your own contriving? or that you are gentle and kind because your dispositions are naturally more angelic than those of the poor girls who are playing, with wild eyes, on the dust-heaps in the alleys of our great towns; and who will one day fill their prisons,—or, better, their graves? Heaven only knows where they, and we who have cast them there, shall stand at last.

L. How can you possibly speak any truth out of such a heart as you have? It is wholly deceitful.

LUCILLA. Oh! no, no; I don't mean that way;

I don't mean that it makes me tell lies, quite out.

L. Only that it tells lies within you?

LUCILLA. Yes.

L. Then, outside of it, you know what is true, and say so; and I may trust the outside of your heart; but within, it is all foul and false. Is that the way?

LUCILLA. I suppose so: I don't understand it, quite.

L. There is no occasion for understanding it; but do you feel it? Are you sure that your heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?

LUCILLA (*much relieved by finding herself among phrases with which she is acquainted*). Yes, sir. I'm sure of that.

L. (*pensively*). I'm sorry for it, Lucilla.

LUCILLA. So am I, indeed.

L. What are you sorry with, Lucilla?

LUCILLA. Sorry with, sir?

L. Yes; I mean, where do you feel sorry? in your feet?

LUCILLA (*laughing a little*). No, sir, of course.

L. In your shoulders, then?

LUCILLA. No, sir.

L. You are sure of that? Because I fear, sorrow in the shoulders would not be worth much.

LUCILLA. I suppose I feel it in my heart, if I really am sorry.

L. If you really are! Do you mean to say that you are sure you are utterly wicked, and yet do not care?

LUCILLA. No, indeed; I have cried about it often.

L. Well, then, you are sorry in your heart?

LUCILLA. Yes, when the sorrow is worth anything.

L. Even if it be not, it cannot be anywhere else but there. It is not the crystalline lens of your eyes which is sorry when you cry?

LUCILLA. No, sir, of course.

L. Then, have you two hearts; one of which is wicked, and the other grieved? or is one side of it sorry for the other side?

LUCILLA (*weary of cross-examination, and a little vexed*). Indeed, sir, you know I can't understand it; but you know how it is written—"another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind."

L. Yes, Lucilla, I know how it is written; but I do not see that it will help us to know that, if we neither understand what is written, nor feel it. And you will not get nearer to the meaning of one verse, if, as soon as you are puzzled by it you escape to another, introducing three new words—"law," "members," and "mind;" not

one of which you at present know the meaning of; and respecting which you probably never will be much wiser; since men like Montesquieu and Locke have spent great part of their lives in endeavoring to explain two of them.

LUCILLA. Oh! please, sir, ask somebody else.

L. If I thought any one else could answer better than you, Lucilla, I would; but suppose I try, instead, myself, to explain your feelings to you?

LUCILLA. Oh, yes; please do.

L. Is it not so with the body as well as the soul?

L. A skull, for instance, is not a beautiful thing?

L. And if you all could see in each other, with clear eyes, whatever God sees beneath those fair faces of yours, you would not like it?

L. Nor would it be good for you?

L. The probability being that what God does not allow you to see, he does not wish you to see: nor even to think of?

L. It would not at all be good for you, for instance, whenever you were washing your faces, and braiding your hair, to be thinking of the shapes of the jawbones, and of the cartilage of the nose, and of the jagged sutures of the scalp?

L. Still less, to see through a clear glass the daily processes of nourishment and decay?

Ascertain clearly what is wrong with you; and so far as you know any means of mending it, take those means, and have done; when you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a "sinner," that is very cheap abuse; and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise any of these. Take steady means to check yourself in whatever fault you have ascertained, and justly accused yourself of. And as soon as you are in active way of mending, you will be no more inclined to moan over an undefined corruption. For the rest, you will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong: honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes. If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem; still, never mind, so long as it has been growing; and has its grand green shade of leaves, and weight of honeyed fruit, at top. And even if you cannot find much good in yourself at last, think that it does not much matter to the universe either what you were, or

are; think how many people are noble, if you cannot be; and rejoice in *their* nobleness. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely a sickly egotism; which will rather gloat over its own evil, than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.

MARY. But then, if we ought to forget ourselves so much, how did the old Greek proverb "Know thyself" come to be so highly esteemed?

L. My dear, it is the proverb of proverbs; Apollo's proverb, and the sun's;—but do you think you can know yourself by looking *into* yourself? Never. You can know what you are only by looking *out* of yourself. Measure your own powers with those of others; compare your own interests with those of others; try to understand what you appear to them, as well as what they appear to you; and judge of yourselves, in all things, relatively and subordinately; not positively; starting always with a wholesome conviction of the probability that there is nothing particular about you. For instance, some of you perhaps think you can write poetry. Dwell on your own feelings and doings:—and you will soon think yourself Tenth Muses: but forget your own feelings; and try, instead, to understand a line or two of Chaucer or Dante; and you will soon begin to feel yourselves very foolish girls—which is much like the fact.

So, something which befalls you may seem a great misfortune;—you meditate over its effects on you personally; and begin to think that it is a chastisement, or a warning, or a this or that or the other of profound significance; and that all the angels in heaven had left their business for a little while, that they may watch its effects on your mind. But give up this egotistic indulgence of your fancy; examine a little what misfortunes, greater a thousandfold, are happening, every second, to twenty times worthier persons; and your self-consciousness will change into pity and humility; and you will know yourself, so far as to understand that "there hath nothing taken thee but what is common to man."

The clustered texts about the human heart, insist, as a body, not on any inherent corruption in all hearts, but on the terrific distinction between the bad and the good ones. "A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth that which is evil." "They on the rock are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it." "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." "The wicked have bent their bow, that they may privily shoot at him that is upright in heart." And so on; they are count-

less, to the same effect. And, for all of us, the question is not at all to ascertain how much or how little corruption there is in human nature; but to ascertain whether, out of all the mass of that nature, we are of the sheep or the goat breed; whether we are people of upright heart, being shot at, or people of crooked heart, shooting. And, of all the texts bearing on the subject, this, which is a quite simple and practical order, is the one you have chiefly to hold in mind. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

LUCILLA. And yet, how inconsistent the texts seem.

L. Nonsense, Lucilla! do you think the universe is bound to look consistent to a girl of fifteen?

## SELF-SACRIFICE.

L. The self-sacrifice of a human being is not a lovely thing, Violet. It is often a necessary and noble thing; but no form nor degree of suicide can be ever lovely.

VIOLET. But self-sacrifice is not suicide!

L. What is it then?

VIOLET. Giving up one's self for another.

L. Well; and what do you mean by "giving up one's self"?

VIOLET. Giving up one's tastes, one's feelings, one's time, one's happiness, and so on, to make others happy.

L. I hope you will never marry anybody, Violet, who expects you to make him happy in that way.

VIOLET (*hesitating*). In what way?

L. By giving up your tastes, and sacrificing your feelings, and happiness.

VIOLET. No, no, I don't mean that; but you know, for other people, one must.

L. For people who don't love you, and whom you know nothing about? Be it so; but how does this "giving up" differ from suicide then?

VIOLET. Why, giving up one's pleasures is not killing one's self?

L. Giving up wrong pleasure is not; neither is it self-sacrifice, but self-culture. But giving up right pleasure is. If you surrender the pleasure of walking, your foot will wither; you may as well cut it off: if you surrender the pleasure of seeing, your eyes will soon be unable to bear the light; you may as well pluck them out. And to maim yourself is partly to kill yourself. Do but go on maiming, and you will soon slay.

VIOLET. But why do you make me think of that verse then, about the foot and the eye?

L. You are indeed commanded to cut off and to pluck out, if foot or eye offend you; but why *should* they offend you?

VIOLET. I don't know; I never quite understood that.

L. Yet it is a sharp order; one needing to be well understood if it is to be well obeyed! When Helen sprained her ankle the other day, you saw how strongly it had to be bandaged; that is to say, prevented from all work, to recover it. But the bandage was not "lovely."

VIOLET. No, indeed.

L. And if her foot had been crushed, or diseased, or snake-bitten, instead of sprained, it might have been needful to cut it off. But the amputation would not have been "lovely."

VIOLET. No.

L. Well, if eye and foot are dead already, and betray you—if the light that is in you be darkness, and your feet run into mischief, or are taken in the snare,—it is indeed time to pluck out, and cut off, I think: but, so crippled, you can never be what you might have been otherwise. You enter into life, at best, halt or maimed; and the sacrifice is not beautiful, though necessary. . . .

L. I mean, and always have meant, simply this, Dora;—that the will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness,

and life; not by each other's misery, or death. A child may have to die for its parents; but the purpose of Heaven is that it shall rather live for them;—that, not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its joy, its force of being, it shall be to them renewal of strength; and as the arrow in the hand of the giant. So it is in all other right relations. Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other. And among the many apparently beautiful things which turn, through mistaken use, to utter evil, I am not sure but that the thoughtlessly meek and self-sacrificing spirit of good men must be named as one of the fatalest. They have so often been taught that there is a virtue in mere suffering, as such; and foolishly to hope that good may be brought by Heaven out of all on which Heaven itself has set the stamp of evil, that we may avoid it,—that they accept pain and defeat as if these were their appointed portion; never understanding that their defeat is not the less to be mourned because it is more fatal to their enemies than to them. The one thing that a good man has to do, and to see done, is justice; he is neither to slay himself nor others causelessly; so far from denying himself, since he is pleased by

good, he is to do his utmost to get his pleasure accomplished.

In the daily course and discipline of right life, we must continually and reciprocally submit and surrender in all kind and courteous and affectionate ways: and these submissions and ministries to each other, of which you all know (none better) the practice and the preciousness, are as good for the yielder as the receiver: they strengthen and perfect as much as they soften and refine.

---

### GOD A KIND FATHER.

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what he wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing him, if we are not happy ourselves. Now, away with you, children; and be as happy as you can. And when you cannot, at least don't plume yourselves upon pouting.

### FALSE MODESTY.

If young ladies really do not want to be seen, they should take care not to let their eyes flash when they dislike what people say: and, more than that, it is all nonsense from beginning to end, about not wanting to be seen. I don't know any more tiresome flower in the borders than your especially "modest" snowdrop; which one always has to stoop down and take all sorts of tiresome trouble with, and nearly break its poor little head off, before you can see it; and then, half of it is not worth seeing. Girls should be like daisies; nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it. Not want to be seen, indeed!

### DRESS, AND TEACH OTHERS TO DRESS.

Always dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion; but then very finely and beautifully too. Also, you are to dress as many other people as you can; and to teach them how to dress, if they don't know; and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom

you see anywhere, as a personal disgrace, and to get at them somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds.

## THE CONVENTUAL SYSTEM.

There's one point of possible good in the conventual system, which is always attractive to young girls; and the idea is a very dangerous one;—the notion of a merit, or exalting virtue, consisting in a habit of meditation on the "things above," or things of the next world. Now it is quite true, that a person of beautiful mind, dwelling on whatever appears to them most desirable and lovely in a possible future, will not only pass their time pleasantly, but will even acquire, at last, a vague and wildly gentle charm of manner and feature, which will give them an air of peculiar sanctity in the eyes of others. Whatever real or apparent good there may be in this result, I want you to observe, that we have no real authority for the reveries to which it is owing. We are told nothing distinctly of the heavenly world; except that it will be free from sorrow, and pure from sin.

Now, whatever indulgence may be granted to amiable people for pleasing themselves in this innocent way, it is beyond question, that to se-

clude themselves from the rough duties of life, merely to write religious romances, or, as in most cases, merely to dream them, without taking so much trouble as is implied in writing, ought not to be received as an act of heroic virtue.

But, observe, even in admitting thus much, I have assumed that the fancies are just and beautiful, though fictitious. Now, what right have any of us to assume that our own fancies will assuredly be either the one or the other? That they delight us, and appear lovely to us, is no real proof of its not being wasted time to form them: and we may surely be led somewhat to distrust our judgment of them by observing what ignoble imaginations have sometimes sufficiently, or even enthusiastically, occupied the hearts of others.

The hope of attaining a higher religious position, which induces us to encounter, for its exalted alternative, the risk of unhealthy error, is often, as I said, founded more on pride than piety; and those who, in modest usefulness, have accepted what seemed to them here, the lowliest place in the kingdom of their Father, are not, I believe, the least likely to receive hereafter the command, then unmistakable, "Friend, go up higher."

### THE PUREST SOULS THE TRUEST.

It seems to me, on the whole, that the feelings of the purest and most mightily passioned human souls are likely to be the truest. Not, indeed, if they do not desire to know the truth, or blind themselves to it that they may please themselves with passion; for then they are no longer pure: but if, continually seeking and accepting the truth as far as it is discernible, they trust their Maker for the integrity of the instincts he has gifted them with, and rest in the sense of a higher truth which they cannot demonstrate, I think they will be most in the right, so.

### GRADATION OF LIFE.

You will find it impossible to separate the idea of gradated manifestation from that of the vital power. Things are not either wholly alive, or wholly dead. They are less or more alive. Take the nearest, most easily examined instance —the life of a flower. Notice what a different degree and kind of life there is in the calyx and the corolla. The calyx is nothing but the swaddling-clothes of the flower; the child-blossom is bound up in it, hand and foot; guarded in it, restrained by it, till the time of birth. The

shell is hardly more subordinated to the germ in the egg, than the calyx to the blossom. It bursts at last; but it never lives as the corolla does. It may fall at the moment its task is fulfilled, as in the poppy; or wither gradually, as in the buttercup; or persist in a ligneous apathy, after the flower is dead, as in the rose; or harmonize itself so as to share in the aspect of the real flower, as in the lily; but it never shares in the corolla's bright passion of life. And the gradations which thus exist between the different members of organic creatures, exist no less between the different ranges of organism. We know no higher or more energetic life than our own; but there seems to me this great good in the idea of gradation of life—it admits the idea of a life above us, in other creatures, as much nobler than ours, as our is nobler than that of the dust.

You will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases: and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power. You all know one expression of the purest and happiest form of such faith, as it exists in modern times, in Richter's lovely illustrations of the Lord's Prayer. The real and

living death-angel, girt as a pilgrim for journey, and softly crowned with flowers, beckons at the dying mother's door; child-angels sit talking face to face with mortal children, among the flowers;—hold them by their little coats, lest they fall on the stairs;—whisper dreams of heaven to them, leaning over their pillows; carry the sound of the church bells for them far through the air; and even descending lower in service, fill little cups with honey, to hold out to the weary bee.

## CHARITY IN JUDGING THE CONVICTIONS OF OTHERS.

The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become: and no error is so conclusively fatal as the idea that God will not allow *us* to err, though he has allowed all other men to do so. There may be doubt of the meaning of other visions, but there is none respecting that of the dream of St. Peter; and you may trust the Rock of the Church's Foundation for true interpreting, when he learned from it that, "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted

with Him." See that you understand what that righteousness means; and set hand to it stoutly: you will always measure your neighbors' creed kindly, in proportion to the substantial fruits of your own. Do not think you will ever get harm by striving to enter into the faith of others, and to sympathize, in imagination, with the guiding principles of their lives. So only can you justly love them, or pity them, or praise.

### RIGHT ART A TEACHER.

Every work of right art has a tendency to reproduce the ethical state which first developed it. Music, which of all the arts is most directly ethical in origin, is also the most direct in power of discipline; the first, the simplest, the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction; while in the failure and betrayal of its functions, it becomes the subtlest aid of moral degradation. Music is thus, in her health, the teacher of perfect order, and is the voice of the obedience of angels, and the companion of the course of the spheres of heaven; and in her depravity she is also the teacher of perfect disorder and disobedience, and the Gloria in Excelsis becomes the Marseillaise.

HEATHEN POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

Horace is just as true and simple in his religion as Wordsworth; but all power of understanding any of the honest classic poets has been taken away from most English gentlemen by the mechanical drill in verse-writing at school. Throughout the whole of their lives afterward, they never can get themselves quit of the notion that all verses were written as an exercise, and that Minerva was only a convenient word for the last of an hexameter, and Jupiter for the last but one.

It is impossible that any notion can be more fallacious or more misleading in its consequences. All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song. With deliberate didactic purpose the tragedians—with pure and native passion the lyrists—fitted their perfect words to their dearest faiths. "Operosa parvus carmina fingo." "I, little thing that I am, weave my laborious songs" as earnestly as the bee among the bells of thyme on the Matin mountains. Yes, and he dedicates his favorite pine to Diana, and he chants his autumnal hymn to the Faun that guards his fields, and he guides the noble youths and maids of Rome in their choir to Apollo, and he tells the farmer's little girl that the Gods will

love her, though she has only a handful of salt and meal to give them—just as earnestly as ever English gentlemen taught Christian faith to English youth, in England's truest days.

Then, lastly, the creed of the philosophers or sages varied according to the character and knowledge of each:—their relative acquaintance with the secrets of natural science—their intellectual and sectarian egotism—and their mystic or monastic tendencies, for there is a classic as well as a mediæval monasticism. They ended in losing the life of Greece in play upon words; but we owe to their early thought some of the soundest ethics, and the foundation of the best practical laws, yet known to mankind.

Such was the general vitality of the heathen creed in its strength. Of its direct influence on conduct, it is, as I said, impossible for me to speak now; only, remember always, in endeavoring to form a judgment of it, that what of good or right the heathens did, they did looking for no reward. The purest forms of our own religion have always consisted in sacrificing less things to win greater;—time, to win eternity,—the world, to win the skies. The order, "sell that thou hast," is not given without the promise, "thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

THE SHAPING POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

It is of great consequence that you should fix in your minds—and hold, against the baseness of mere materialism on the one hand, and against the fallacies of controversial speculation on the other—the certain and practical sense of the word "spirit;"—the sense in which you all know that its reality exists, as the power which shaped you into your shape, and by which you love, and hate, when you have received that shape. You need not fear, on the one hand, that either the sculpturing or the loving power can ever be beaten down by the philosophers into a metal, or evolved by them into a gas; but, on the other hand, take care that you yourselves, in trying to elevate your conception of it, do not lose its truth in a dream, or even in a word. Beware always of contending for words; you will find them not easy to grasp, if you know them in several languages. This very word, which is so solemn in your mouths, is one of the most doubtful. In Latin it means little more than breathing, and may mean merely accent; in French it is not breath, but wit, and our neighbors are therefore obliged, even in their most solemn expressions, to say "wit" when we say "ghost."

The philosophers are very humorous in their

ecstasy of hope about it; but the real interest of their discoveries in this direction is very small to human-kind. It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates too; but the ditch hears nothing for all that; and my hearing is still to me as blessed a mystery as ever, and the interval between the ditch and me, quite as great. If the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage-bell which began my happiness, and is now of the passing-bell which ends it, the difference between those two sounds to me cannot be counted by the number of concussions.

Beyond, and entirely unaffected by, any questionings of this kind, there are, therefore, two plain facts which we should all know: first, that there is a power which gives their several shapes to things, or capacities of shape; and secondly, a power which gives them their several feelings, or capacities of feeling; and that we can increase or destroy both of these at our will. By care and tenderness, we can extend the range of lovely life in plants and animals; by our neglect and cruelty, we can arrest it, and bring pestilence in its stead. Again, by right discipline we can increase our strength of noble will and passion, or destroy both. What precise meaning we ought to attach to expressions such as that

of the prophecy to the four winds that the dry bones might be breathed upon, and might live, or why the presence of the vital power should be dependent on the chemical action of the air, and its awful passing away materially signified by the rendering up of that breath or ghost, we cannot at present know, and need not at any time dispute. What we assuredly know is that the states of life and death are different, and the first more desirable than the other, and by effort attainable, whether we understand being "born of the spirit" to signify having the breath of heaven in our flesh, or its power in our hearts.

### THE BIRD EMBODIED SPIRIT.

The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the

cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air: on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena; the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-rest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand;—even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the Spirit of the air is put into, and upon, this created form; and it becomes, through

twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, descending, as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove, to bless.

### MODESTY, THE MEASURING VIRTUE.

Modesty is "the measuring virtue," the virtue of *modes* or limits. She is, indeed, said to be only the third or youngest of the children of the cardinal virtue, Temperance; and apt to be despised, being more given to arithmetic, and other vulgar studies (Cinderella-like) than her elder sisters: but she is useful in the household, and arrives at great results with her yard-measure and slate-pencil—a pretty little Marchande des Modes, cutting her dress always according to the silk (if this be the proper feminine reading of "coat according to the cloth"), so that, consulting with her carefully of a morning, men get to know not only their income, but their inbeing—to know *themselves*, that is, in a gauger's manner, round and up and down—surface and contents; what is in them, and what may be got out of them; and, in fine, their entire canon of weight and capacity. That yard-measure of Modesty's, lent to those who will use it, is a curious musical reed, and will go round and round waists that are slender enough, with latent melody in every

joint of it, the dark root only being soundless. For, indeed, to all true modesty the necessary business is not inlook, but outlook, and especially *up*look: it is only her sister, Shamefacedness, who is known by the drooping lashes—Modesty, quite otherwise, by her large eyes full of wonder; for she never contemns herself, nor is ashamed of herself, but forgets herself—at least until she has done something worth memory. It is easy to peep and potter about one's own deficiencies in a quiet immodest discontent; but Modesty is so pleased with other people's doings, that she has no leisure to lament her own: and thus, knowing the fresh feeling of contentment, unstained with thought of self, she does not fear being pleased, when there is cause, with her own rightness, as with another's, saying calmly, "Be it mine, or yours, or whose else's it may, it is no matter;—this also is well." But the right to say such a thing depends on continual reverence, and manifold sense of failure. If you have known yourself to have failed, you may trust, when it comes, the strange consciousness of success; if you have faithfully loved the noble work of others, you need not fear to speak with respect of things duly done, of your own.

The first function of Modesty, then, being this recognition of place, her second is the recognition of law, and delight in it, for the sake of

law itself, whether her part be to assert it, or obey. For as it belongs to all immodesty to defy or deny law, and assert privilege and license, according to its own pleasure (it being therefore rightly called "in*solent*," that is, "custom-breaking," violating some usual and appointed order to attain for itself greater forwardness or power), so it is the habit of all modesty to love the constancy and "*solem*nity," or, literally, "accustomedness," of law, seeking first what are the solemn, appointed, inviolable customs and general orders of nature, and of the Master of nature, touching the matter in hand; and striving to put itself, as habitually and inviolably, in compliance with them. Out of which habit, once established, arises what is rightly called "conscience," not "science" merely, but "with-science."

### THE CONDITION OF ALL GOOD WORK.

"You may judge my masterhood of craft," Giotto tells us, "by seeing that I can draw a circle unerringly." And we may safely believe him, understanding him to mean, that—though more may be necessary to an artist than such a power—at least *this* power is necessary. The

qualities of hand and eye needful to do this are the first conditions of artistic craft.

Try to draw a circle yourself with the "free" hand, and with a single line. You cannot do it if your hand trembles, nor if it hesitates, nor if it is unmanageable, nor if it is in the common sense of the word "free." So far from being free, it must be under a control as absolute and accurate as if it were fastened to an inflexible bar of steel. And yet it must move, under this necessary control, with perfect, untormented serenity of ease.

That is the condition of all good work whatsoever. All freedom is error. Every line you lay down is either right or wrong: it may be timidly and awkardly wrong, or fearlessly and impudently wrong: the aspect of the impudent wrongness is pleasurable to vulgar persons; and is what they commonly call "free" execution: the timid, tottering, hesitating wrongness is rarely so attractive; yet sometimes, if accompanied with good qualities, and right aims in other directions, it becomes in a manner charming, like the inarticulateness of a child: but, whatever the charm or manner of the error, there is but one question ultimately to be asked respecting every line you draw, Is it right or wrong? If right, it most assuredly is not a "free" line, but an intensely continent, re-

strained, and considered line; and the action of the hand in laying it is just as decisive and just as "free" as the hand of a first-rate surgeon in a critical incision.

### THE GAMES OF LIFE.

Then, next to the gentlemen's game of hunting, we must put the ladies' game of dressing. It is not the cheapest of games. I saw a brooch at a jeweller's in Bond Street, a fortnight ago, not an inch wide, and without any singular jewel in it, yet worth £3,000. And I wish I could tell you what this "play" costs altogether, in England, France, and Russia annually. But it is a pretty game, and on certain terms, I like it; nay, I don't see it played quite as much as I would fain have it. You ladies like to lead the fashion:—by all means lead it—lead it thoroughly, lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the *fashions for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones; their doublets are too irregularly slashed, and the wind blows too frankly through them.

Then there are other games, wild enough, as I could show you if I had time.

There's playing at literature, and playing at art—very different, both, from working at literature, or working at art, but I've no time to speak of these. I pass to the greatest of all—the play of plays, the great gentlemen's game, which ladies like them best to play at,—the game of War. It is entrancingly pleasant to the imagination; the fact of it not always so pleasant. We dress for it, however, more finely than for any other sport; and go out to it, not merely in scarlet, as to hunt, but in scarlet and gold, and all manner of fine colors: of course we could fight better in gray, and without feathers; but all nations have agreed that it is good to be well dressed at this play.

Yes, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, of England, who think "one moment unamused a misery, not made for feeble man," this is what you have brought the word "play" to mean, in the heart of merry England! You may have your fluting and piping; but there are sad children sitting in the market-place, who indeed cannot say to you, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced:" but eternally shall say to you, "We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN THE GAME OF WAR.

You, tender and delicate women, for whom, and by whose command, all true battle has been, and must ever be; you would perhaps shrink now, though you need not, from the thought of sitting as queens above set lists where the jousting game might be mortal. How much more, then, ought you to shrink from the thought of sitting above a theatre pit, in which even a few condemned slaves were slaying each other only for your delight! And do you *not* shrink from the *fact* of sitting above a theatre pit, where,—not condemned slaves,—but the best and bravest of the poor sons of your people, slay each other,—not man to man,—as the coupled gladiators; but race to race, in duel of generations? You would tell me, perhaps, that you do not sit to see this; and it is indeed true, that the women of Europe—those who have no heart-interest of their own at peril in the contest—draw the curtains of their boxes, and muffle the openings; so that from the pit of the circus of slaughter there may reach them only at intervals a half-heard cry and a murmur, as of the wind's sighing, when myriads of souls expire. They shut out the death-cries; and are happy, and talk wittily among themselves. That is the

utter literal fact of what our ladies do in their pleasant lives.

And now let me turn for a moment to you,—wives and maidens, who are the souls of soldiers; to you,—mothers, who have devoted your children to the great hierarchy of war. Let me ask you to consider what part you have to take for the aid of those who love you; for if you fail in your part they cannot fulfil theirs; such absolute helpmates you are that no man can stand without that help, nor labor in his own strength.

I know your hearts, and that the truth of them never fails when an hour of trial comes which you recognize for such. But you know not when the hour of trial first finds you, nor when it verily finds you. You imagine that you are only called upon to wait and to suffer; to surrender and to mourn. You know that you must not weaken the hearts of your husbands and lovers, even by the one fear of which those hearts are capable,—the fear of parting from you, or of causing you grief. Through weary years of separation; through fearful expectancies of unknown fate; through the tenfold bitterness of the sorrow which might so easily have been joy, and the tenfold yearning for glorious life struck down in its prime—through all these agonies you fail not, and never will fail. But your trial is not in these. To be heroic in danger is little;—

you are Englishwomen. To be heroic in change and sway of fortune is little;—for do you not love? To be patient through the great chasm and pause of loss is little;—for do you not still love in heaven? But to be heroic in happiness; to bear yourselves gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning; not to forget the God in whom you trust, when he gives you most; not to fail those who trust you, when they seem to need you least; this is the difficult fortitude. It is not in the pining of absence, not in the peril of battle, not in the wasting of sickness, that your prayer should be most passionate, or your guardianship most tender. Pray, mothers and maidens, for your young soldiers in the bloom of their pride; pray for them, while the only dangers round them are in their own wayward wills; watch you, and pray, when they have to face, not death, but temptation. But it is this fortitude also for which there is the crowning reward. Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it; they will listen,—they *can*

listen,—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave—they will be brave for you; bid them be cowards—and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you: such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth: from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.

Yet, truly, if it might be, I, for one, would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into ploughshares; and that this cannot be, is not the fault of us men. It is *your* fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle,

throughout Europe, is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you chose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have, none of us, heart enough truly to mourn with these. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you enough for this. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear *black;* —a mute's black,—with no jewel, no ornament,

no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness,—I tell you again, no war would last a week.

### COURAGE, GENTLENESS AND COURTESY.

Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinary well-born youths; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. They must bind them like shields about their neck; they must write them on the tables of their hearts. Though it be not exacted of them, yet let them exact it of themselves, this vow of stainless truth. Their hearts are, if they leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried. Let them vow themselves crusaders to redeem that sacred sepulchre. And remember, before all things—for no other memory will be so protective of them—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that under which it is vowed to women. Whomsoever else they deceive, whomsoever they injure, whomsoever they leave unaided, they must not deceive, nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to their power, any woman of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this;—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.

### OBEDIENCE TO THE BIBLE THE BEST ANSWER TO ATTACKS UPON IT.

You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice,—you and your clergymen together,—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the Book, that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly,—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor,—and you crush them under your carriage-wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice,—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word "justice" means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what he means when he tells you to be just; and teach your sons, that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God;—and you will soon have no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In Righteousness he doth judge, and make war."

THY KINGDOM COME.

Everybody has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain, than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want.* He does not like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, do not ask for it: such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock him with; the soldiers striking him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for his kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is: we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us: "the kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "the

kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost:" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all; "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## IMPORTANCE OF ACCURATE INSTRUCTION IN DRAWING AND PAINTING.

In general, youths and girls who do not wish to draw should not be compelled to draw; but when natural disposition exists, strong enough to render wholesome discipline endurable with patience, every well-trained youth and girl ought to be taught the elements of drawing, as of music, early, and accurately.

To teach them inaccurately is indeed, strictly speaking, not to teach them at all; or worse than that, to prevent the possibility of their ever being taught. The ordinary methods of water-color sketching, chalk drawing, and the like, now so widely taught by second-rate mas-

ters, simply prevent the pupil from ever understanding the qualities of great art, through the whole of his after-life.

Given the materials, the limits of time, and the conditions of place, there is only one proper method of painting. And since, if painting is to be entirely good, the materials of it must be the best possible, and the conditions of time and place entirely favorable, there is only one manner of entirely good painting. The so-called "styles" of artists are either adaptations to imperfections of material, or indications of imperfection in their own power or the knowledge of their day. The great painters are like each other in their strength, and diverse only in weakness.

In order to produce a completely representative picture of any object on a flat surface, we must outline it, color it, and shade it. Accordingly, in order to become a complete artist, you must learn these three following modes of skill completely. First, how to outline spaces with accurate and delicate lines. Secondly, how to fill the outlined spaces with accurate, and delicately laid, color. Thirdly, how to gradate the colored spaces, so as to express, accurately and delicately, relations of light and shade.

By the word "accurate" in these sentences, I mean nearly the same thing as if I had written

"true;" but yet I mean a little more than verbal truth: for in many cases, it is possible to give the strictest truth in words without any painful care; but it is not possible to be true in lines, without constant care or *accuracy.*

---

### HEALTHY ART THE EXPRESSION OF TRUE DELIGHT.

Fix, then, this in your mind as the guiding principle of all right practical labor, and source of all healthful life energy,—that your art is to be the praise of something that you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone; it may be the praise of a hero; it may be the praise of God; your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love; but, be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing, better than the art.

This is the main lesson I have been teaching, so far as I have been able, through my whole life. Only that picture is noble, which is painted in love of the reality. It is a law which embraces the highest scope of art; it is one also which guides in security the first steps of it. If you desire to draw, that you may represent something that you care for, you will advance

swiftly and safely. If you desire to draw, that you may make a beautiful drawing, you will never make one.

And this simplicity of purpose is further useful in closing all discussions of the respective grace or admirableness of method. The best painting is that which most completely represents what it undertakes to represent, as the best language is that which most clearly says what it undertakes to say.

## THE MOMENT OF CHOICE.

No point of duty has been more miserably warped and perverted than this duty of the young to choose whom they will serve. But the duty itself does not the less exist; and if there be any truth in Christianity at all, there will come, for all true disciples, a time when they have to take that saying to heart, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

"*Loveth*"—observe. There is no talk of disobeying fathers or mothers whom you do *not* love, or of running away from a home where you would rather not stay. But to leave the home which is your peace,—this, if there be meaning

in Christ's words, one day or other will be demanded of his true followers.

And there *is* meaning in Christ's words. Whatever misuse may have been made of them, —whatever false prophets—and Heaven knows there have been many—have called the young children to them, not to bless, but to curse, the assured fact remains, that if you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man will be raised, with all its holiest natural authority, against you. The friend and the wise adviser—the brother and the sister—the father and the master—the entire voice of your prudent and keen-sighted acquaintance—the entire weight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world—for *once*, they will be against you, all at one. You have to obey God rather than man. The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on one side,—God alone on the other. You have to choose.

That is the meaning of St. Francis's renouncing his inheritance; and it is the beginning of Giotto's Gospel of Works. Unless this hardest of deeds be done first,—this inheritance of mammon and the world cast away,—all other deeds are useless. You cannot serve, cannot obey, God and mammon. No charities, no obediences, no self-denials, are of any use, while you are still at heart in conformity with the world. You

go to church, because the world goes. You keep Sunday, because your neighbors keep it. But you dress ridiculously, because your neighbors ask it; and you dare not do a rough piece of work because your neighbors despise it.

You must begin your education with the distinct resolution to know what is true, and choice of the strait and rough road to such knowledge. This choice is offered to every youth and maid at some moment of their life;—choice between the easy downward road, so broad that we can dance down it in companies, and the steep narrow way, which we must enter alone. Then, and for many a day afterward, they need that form of persistent Option, and Will: but day by day, the "Sense" of the rightness of what they have done, deepens on them, not in consequence of the effort, but by gift granted in reward of it. And the sense of difference between right and wrong, and between beautiful and unbeautiful things, is confirmed in the heroic, and fulfilled in the industrious, soul.

That is the process of education in the earthly sciences, and the morality connected with them. Reward given to faithful Volition.

Next, when Moral and Physical senses are perfect, comes the desire for education in the higher world, where the senses are no more our Teachers; but the Maker of the senses. And

that teaching, we cannot get by labor, but only by petition.

GRAMMAR.

The Art of faithfully reading what has been written for our learning; and of clearly writing what we would make immortal of our thoughts. Power which consists first in recognizing letters; secondly, in forming them; thirdly, in the understanding and choice of words which, errorless, shall express our thought. Severe exercises all, reaching—very few living persons know, how far: beginning properly in childhood, then only to be truly acquired. It is wholly impossible—this I say from too sorrowful experience—to conquer by any effort of time, habits of the hand (much more of head and soul) with which the vase of flesh has been formed and filled in youth,—the law of God being that parents shall compel the child in the day of its obedience into habits of hand, and eye, and soul, which, when it is old, shall not, by any strength, or any weakness, be departed from.

RHETORIC.

Next to learning how to read and write, you are to learn to speak; and, young ladies and

gentlemen, observe,—to speak as little as possible, it is further implied, till you *have* learned.

In the streets of Florence at this day you may hear much of what some people call "rhetoric"—very passionate speaking indeed, and quite "from the heart"—such hearts as the people have got. That is to say, you never hear a word uttered but in a rage, either just ready to burst, or for the most part, explosive instantly: everybody—man, woman, or child—roaring out their incontinent, foolish, infinitely contemptible opinions and wills, on every smallest occasion, with flashing eyes, hoarsely shrieking and wasted voices,—insane hope to drag by vociferation whatever they would have, out of man and God.

Again, look at the talkers in the streets of Florence, and see how, being essentially *un*able to talk, they try to make lips of their fingers! How they poke, wave, and flourish, point, jerk, shake finger and fist at their antagonists—dumb essentially, all the while, if they knew it; unpersuasive and ineffectual, as the shaking of tree branches in the wind.

You think the function of words is to excite? Why, a red rag will do that, or a blast through a brass pipe. But to give calm and gentle heat; to be as the south wind, and the iridescent rain, to all bitterness of frost; and bring at once

strength, and healing. This is the work of human lips, taught of God.

### LOGIC.

The science of reasoning, or more accurately Reason herself, or pure intelligence.

Science to be gained after that of expression; so, young people, it appears, that though you must not speak before you have been taught how to speak, you may yet properly speak before you have been taught how to think.

For, indeed, it is only by frank speaking that you *can* learn how to think. And it is no matter how wrong the first thoughts you have may be, provided you express them clearly;—and are willing to have them put right.

### MUSIC.

After you have learned to reason, young people, of course you will be very grave, if not dull, you think. By no means anything of the kind. After learning to reason, you will learn to sing; for you will want to. There is so much reason for singing in the sweet world, when one thinks rightly of it. None for grumbling, provided al-

ways you *have* entered in at the strait gate. You will sing all along the road then, in a little while, in a manner pleasant for other people to hear.

### ASTRONOMY.

The knowledge of so much of the stars as we can know wisely; not the attempt to define their laws for them. Not that it is unbecoming of us to find out, if we can, that they move in ellipses, and so on; but it is no business of ours. What effects their rising and setting have on man, and beast, and leaf; what their times and changes are, seen and felt in this world, it is our business to know, passing our nights, if wakefully, by that divine candlelight, and no other.

### GEOMETRY.

You have now learned, young ladies, to read, to speak, to think, to sing, and to see. You are getting old, and will have soon to think of being married; you must learn to build your house, therefore. Here is your carpenter's square for you, and you may safely and wisely contemplate the ground a little, and the measures and laws

relating to that, seeing you have got to abide upon it;—and that you have properly looked at the stars; not before then, lest, had you studied the ground first, you might perchance never have raised your heads from it.

This is properly the science of all laws of practical labor, issuing in beauty.

## ARITHMETIC.

Having built your house, young people, and understanding the light of heaven, and the measures of earth, you may marry—and can't do better. And here is now your conclusive science, which you will have to apply all your days, to all your affairs.

To give a minor, but characteristic instance. I have always felt that, with my intense love of the Alps, I ought to have been able to make a drawing of Chamouni, or the vale of Cluse, which should give people more pleasure than a photograph; but I always wanted to do it as I saw it, and engrave pine for pine, and crag for crag, like Albert Durer. I broke my strength down for many a year, always tiring of my work, or finding the leaves drop off, or the snow come on, before I had well begun what I meant to do. If I had only *counted* my pines first, and calculated the number of hours necessary to do them

in the manner of Durer, I should have saved the available drawing time of some five years, spent in vain effort.

So in all the affairs of life, the arithmetical part of the business is the dominant one. How many and how much have we? How many and how much do we want? How constantly does noble Arithmetic of the finite lose itself in base Avarice of the Infinite, and in blind imagination of it! In counting of minutes, is our arithmetic ever solicitous enough? In counting our days, is she ever severe enough? How we shrink from putting in their decades, the diminished store of them! And if we ever pray the solemn prayer that we may be taught to number them, do we even try to do it after praying?

Here then we have the sum of sciences,—seven, according to the Florentine mind—necessary to the secular education of man and woman. Of these, the modern average respectable English gentleman and gentlewoman know usually only a little of the last, and entirely hate the prudent applications of that: being unacquainted, except as they chance here and there to pick up a broken piece of information, with either grammar, rhetoric, music,* astronomy, or geometry;

* Being able to play the piano and admire Mendelssohn is not knowing music.

and are not only unacquainted with logic, or the use of reason themselves, but instinctively antagonistic to its use by anybody else.

### CIVIL LAW.

Civil, or "of citizens," not only as distinguished from Ecclesiastical, but from Local law. She is the universal Justice of the peaceful relations of men throughout the world.

To know anything whatever about God, you must begin by being Just.

### CHRISTIAN LAW.

After the justice which rules men, comes that which rules the Church of Christ. The distinction is not between secular law and ecclesiastical authority, but between the equity of humanity, and the law of Christian discipline.

### PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

The beginning of the knowledge of God being Human Justice, and its elements defined by Christian Law, the application of the law so de-

fined follows, first with respect to man, then with respect to God.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—and to God the things that are God's."

We have therefore now two sciences, one of our duty to men, the other to their Maker.

I have called this science, Practical Theology:—the instructive knowledge, that is to say, of what God would have us do, personally, in any given human relation: and the speaking his Gospel therefore by act. "Let your light so shine before men."

### DEVOTIONAL THEOLOGY.

Giving glory to God, or, more accurately, whatever feelings he desires us to have toward him, whether of affection or awe.

This is the science or method of *devotion* for Christians universally, just as the Practical Theology is their science or method of *action.*

### DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

After action and worship, thought becoming too wide and difficult, the need of dogma becomes felt; the assertion, that is, within limited range, of the things that are to be believed.

Since whatever pride and folly pollute Christian scholarship naturally delight in dogma, the science itself cannot but be in a kind of disgrace among sensible men: nevertheless it would be difficult to overvalue the peace and security which have been given to humble persons by forms of creed; and it is evident that either there is no such thing as theology, or some of its knowledge must be thus, if not expressible, at least reducible within certain limits of expression, so as to be protected from misinterpretation.

The assertion of truth is to be always gentle; the chastisement of wilful falsehood may be—very much the contrary indeed. Christ's sermon on the Mount is full of polemic theology, yet perfectly gentle:—"Ye have heard that it hath been said—but *I* say unto you";—"And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" and the like. But His "Ye fools and blind, for whether is greater," is not merely the exposure of error, but rebuke of the avarice which made that error possible.

### REVERENCE AND COMPASSION TO BE TAUGHT.

The two great mental graces should be taught, Reverence and Compassion; not that these are in a literal sense to be "taught," for they are in-

nate in every well-born human creature, but they have to be developed, exactly as the strength of the body must be, by deliberate and constant exercise. I never understood why Goethe (in the plan of education in *Wilhelm Meister*) says that reverence is not innate, but must be taught from without; it seems to me so fixedly a function of the human spirit, that if men can get nothing else to reverence they will worship a fool, or a stone, or a vegetable. To teach reverence rightly is to attach it to the right persons and things; first, by setting over your youth masters whom they cannot but love and respect; next, by gathering for them, out of past history, whatever has been most worthy, in human deeds and human passions; and leading them continually to dwell upon such instances, making this the principal element of emotional excitement to them; and lastly, by letting them justly feel, as far as may be, the smallness of their own powers and knowledge, as compared with the attainments of others.

---

### MUSIC AND DANCING A NATURAL EXPRESSION OF JOY.

The going forth of the women of Israel after Miriam, with timbrels and with dances, was, as

you doubtless remember, their expression of passionate triumph and thankfulness, after the full accomplishment of their deliverance from the Egyptians. That deliverance had been by the utter death of their enemies, and accompanied by stupendous miracle; no human creatures could in an hour of triumph be surrounded by circumstances more solemn. I am not going to try to excite your feelings about them. Consider only for yourself what that seeing of the Egyptians "dead upon the sea-shore" meant to every soul that saw it. And then reflect that these intense emotions of mingled horror, triumph, and gratitude were expressed, in the visible presence of the Deity, by music and dancing. If you answer that you do not believe the Egyptians so perished, or that God ever appeared in a pillar of cloud, I reply, "Be it so—believe or disbelieve, as you choose:—This is yet assuredly the fact, that the author of the poem of the Exodus supposed that under such circumstances of Divine interposition as he had invented, the triumph of the Israelitish women would have been, and ought to have been, under the direction of a prophetess, expressed by music and dancing."

Returning to the Jewish history, you find soon afterward this enthusiastic religious dance and song employed beautifully again and tenderly, after the triumph of Jephthah, "And behold his

daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances." Again still more notably at the triumph of David with Saul, "the women came out of all the cities of Israel singing and dancing, to meet King Saul with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." And you have this joyful song and dance of the virgins of Israel not only incidentally alluded to in the most solemn passages of Hebrew religious poetry (as in Psalm lxviii. 24, 25, and Psalm cxlix. 2, 3), but approved, and the restoration of it promised as a sign of God's perfect blessing, most earnestly by the saddest of the Hebrew prophets, and in one of the most beautiful of all his sayings.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me saying, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee. I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O Virgin of Israel; thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances with them that make merry." (Jerem. xxxi. 3, 4; and compare v. 23.) And finally, you have in two of quite the most important passages in the whole series of Scripture (one in the Old Testament, one in the New) the rejoicing in the repentance from, and remission of sins, expressed by means of music and dancing, namely, in the rapturous dancing of David before the returning ark; and in the joy of the

Father's household at the repentance of the prodigal son.

---

PERVERSION OF LAWFUL MEANS OF FESTIVITY.

I shall take that beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son (which I have already referred to), and explain, as far as I know, the significance of it, and then I will take the three means of festivity, or wholesome human joy, therein stated—fine dress, rich food, and music;—("bring forth the fairest robe for him,"—"bring forth the fatted calf, and kill it;"—"as he drew nigh, he heard music and dancing;") and I will show you how all these three things, fine dress, rich food, and music, (including ultimately all the other arts,) are meant to be sources of life, and means of moral discipline to all men; and how they have all three been made, by the Devil, the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death.

---

TRUE HUMILITY.

I want you to note that when the prodigal comes to his senses, he complains of nobody but himself, and speaks of no unworthiness but his own. He says nothing against any of the women who tempted him—nothing against the citizen

who left him to feed on husks—nothing of false friends of whom "no man gave unto him"—above all, nothing of the "corruption of human nature," or the corruption of things in general. He says that *he himself* is unworthy, as distinguished from honorable persons, and that *he himself* has sinned, as distinguished from righteous persons. And *that* is the hard lesson to learn, and the beginning of faithful lessons. All right and fruitful humility, and purging of heart, and seeing of God, is in that. It is easy to call yourself the chief of sinners, expecting every sinner round you to decline—or return—the compliment; but learn to measure the real degrees of your own relative baseness, and to be ashamed, not in heaven's sight, but in man's sight; and redemption is indeed begun. Observe the phrase, I have sinned "*against* heaven," against the great law of that, and *before* thee, visibly degraded before my human sire and guide, unworthy any more of being esteemed of his blood, and desirous only of taking the place I deserve among his servants.

## THE PERFECTION OF MUSIC AND ITS DEGRADATION.

Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect, of

all bodily pleasures; it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which often, if not most frequently, haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits. And the action of the deceiving or devilish power is in *nothing* shown quite so distinctly among us at this day,—not even in our commercial dishonesties, nor in our social cruelties,—as in its having been able to take away music, as an instrument of education, altogether; and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other.

### THE PUREST FACULTIES OF MAN'S SOUL MOST LIABLE TO CORRUPTION.

Every faculty of man's soul, and every instinct of it by which he is meant to live, is exposed to its own special form of corruption: and whether within man, or in the external world, there is a power or condition of temptation which is perpetually endeavoring to reduce every glory of his soul, and every power of his life, to such corruption as is possible to them. And the more beautiful they are, the more fear-

ful is the death which is attached as a penalty to their degradation.

Take for instance that which, in its purity, is the source of the highest and purest mortal happiness—Love. Think of it first as its highest—as it may exist in the disciplined spirit of a perfect human creature; as it has so existed again and again, and does always, wherever it truly exists at all, as the *purifying* passion of the soul. I will not speak of the transcendental and imaginative intensity in which it may reign in noble hearts, as when it inspired the greatest religious poem yet given to men; but take it in its true and quiet purity in any simple lover's heart—as you have it expressed, for instance, thus exquisitely, in the *Angel in the House:*

"And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vowed to love and prayed to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear;—
Thanked God, who had set her in my path;
And promised, as I hoped to win,
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin;
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd really be; I ne'er would blend,
With my delight in her, a dream
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend;
And, if she wished it, would prefer
Another's to my own success;
And always seek the best for her
With unofficious tenderness."

### THE ROBIN.

In none of the old natural-history books can I find any account of the robin as a traveller, but there is, for once, some sufficient reason for their reticence. He has a curious fancy in his manner of travelling. Of all birds, you would think he was likely to do it in the cheerfulest way, and he does it in the saddest. Do you chance to have read, in the Life of Charles Dickens, how fond he was of taking long walks in the night and alone? The robin, en voyage, is the Charles Dickens of birds. He always travels in the night, and alone; rest, in the day, wherever day chances to find him; sings a little, and pretends he hasn't been anywhere. He goes as far, in the winter, as the northwest of Africa; and in Lombardy, arrives from the south early in March; but does not stay long, going on into the Alps, where he prefers wooded and wild districts.

The day before yesterday, sleeping at Lichfield, and seeing, the first thing when I woke in the morning (for I never put down the blinds of my bedroom windows), the not uncommon sight in an English country town, of an entire house-front of very neat, and very flat, and very red bricks, with very exactly squared square windows in it; and not feeling myself in any-

wise gratified or improved by the spectacle, I was thinking how in this, as in all other good, the too much destroyed all. The breadth of a robin's breast in brick-red is delicious, but a whole house-front of brick-red as vivid, is alarming. And yet one cannot generalize even that trite moral with any safety—for infinite breadth of green is delightful, however green; and of sea or sky, however blue.

You must note, however, that the robin's charm is greatly helped by the pretty space of gray plumage which separates the red from the brown back, and sets it off to its best advantage. There is no great brilliancy in it, even so relieved; only the finish of it is exquisite.

If you separate a single feather, you will find it more like a transparent hollow shell than a feather (so delicately rounded the surface of it), —gray at the root, where the down is,—tinged, and only tinged, with red at the part that overlaps and is visible; so that, when three or four more feathers have overlapped it again, all together, with their joined red, are just enough to give the color determined upon, each of them contributing a tinge.

I have been able to put before you some means of guidance to understand the beauty of the bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its in-

sect pestilence, the air that you breathe. This the sweet domestic thing has done, for men, at least these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth, and the threshold; companion only endeared by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence, the cowardice, or the wrath, of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom;—and yet, so little have we regarded her, that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life—nothing of her journeying; I cannot learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of her return. Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion, and

shade of the bird's plume;—and after all, it is well for us, if, when even for God's best mercies, and in his temples marble-built, we think that, "with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify his glorious name"—well for us, if our attempt be not only an insult, and his ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise of "the swallow, twittering from her straw-built shed."

### SIGNS OF DEGENERACY.

Deeply and fearfully impressed by what my own country has incurred and is suffering, I cannot help feeling sorrowful when I see in England signs of our besetting sins appearing also. Paint and chignons, slang and vaudevilles, knowing "Anonymas" by name, and reading doubtfully moral novels, are in themselves small offences, although not many years ago they would have appeared very heinous ones, yet they are quick and tempting conveyances on a very dangerous high-road.

### DUTIES OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.

The office of the upper classes, then, as a body, is to keep order among their inferiors, and

raise them always to the nearest level with themselves of which those inferiors are capable. So far as they are thus occupied, they are invariably loved and reverenced intensely by all beneath them, and reach, themselves, the highest types of human power and beauty.

This, then, being the natural ordinance and function of aristocracy, its corruption, like that of all other beautiful things under the Devil's touch, is a very fearful one. Its corruption is, that those who ought to be the rulers and guides of the people, forsake their task of painful honorableness; seek their own pleasure and pre-eminence only; and use their power, subtlety, conceded influence, prestige of ancestry, and mechanical instrumentality of martial power, to make the lower orders toil for them, and feed and clothe them for nothing, and become in various ways their living property, goods, and chattels, even to the point of utter regardlessness of whatever misery these serfs may suffer through such insolent domination, or they themselves, their masters, commit of crime to enforce it.

And this is especially likely to be the case when means of various and tempting pleasure are put within the reach of the upper classes by advanced conditions of national commerce and knowledge; and it is *certain* to be the case as soon as position among those upper classes be

comes any way purchasable with money, instead of being the assured measure of some kind of worth (either strength of hand, or true wisdom of conduct, or imaginative gift).

And now—but one word more—for any readers who may be startled at what I have been saying as to the peculiar stress laid by the Founder of our religion on right dealing with wealth. Let them be assured that it is with no fortuitous choice among the attributes or powers of evil, that "Mammon" is assigned for the direct adversary of the Master whom they are bound to serve. You cannot, by any artifice of reconciliation, be God's soldier, and his. Nor while the desire of gain is within your heart, can any true knowledge of the Kingdom of God come there. No one shall enter its stronghold, —no one receive its blessing, except "he that hath clean hands and a pure heart;" clean hands that have done no cruel deed;—pure heart, that knows no base desire. And, therefore, in the highest spiritual sense that can be given to words, be assured, not respecting the literal temple of stone and gold, but of the living temple of your body and soul, that no redemption, nor teaching, nor hallowing, will be anywise possible for it, until these two verses have been, for it also, fulfilled:

"And He went into the temple, and began to

cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought. And He taught daily in the temple."

## MARRIAGE IN AN IDEAL KINGDOM.

These following are laws such as a prudent nation would institute respecting its marriages. Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of its youth during the entire latter part of the course of their education; and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightfully fulfilled. It should not be attainable without earnest and consistent effort, though put within the reach of all who were willing to make such effort; and the granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact, that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived, within their proper sphere, a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honorably to maintain and teach their children.

No girl should receive her permission to marry before her 17th birthday, nor any youth before his 21st; and it should be a point of somewhat distinguished honor with both sexes to gain their permission of marriage in the 18th and 22d year;

and a recognized disgrace not to have gained it at least before the close of their 21st and 24th. I do not mean that they should in anywise hasten actual marriage; but only that they should hold it a point of honor to have the right to marry. In every year there should be two festivals, one on the first of May, and one at the feast of harvest home in each district, at which festivals their permissions to marry should be given publicly to the maidens and youths who had won them in that half-year; and they should be crowned, the maids by the old French title of Rosières, and the youths, perhaps by some name rightfully derived from one supposed signification of the word "bachelor," "laurel fruit;" and so led in joyful procession, with music and singing, through the city street or village lane, and the day ended with feasting of the poor; but not with feasting theirs, except quietly, at their homes.

---

### FAITHFUL LOVE.

I am acquainted with a noble girl, who, engaged at sixteen, and having received several advantageous offers since, has remained for ten years faithful to her equally faithful lover; while, their circumstances rendering it, as they rightly

considered, unjustifiable in them to think of marriage, each of them simply and happily, aided and cheered by the other's love, discharged the duties of their own separate positions in life.

## THE PRECIOUS STONES AND SKINS OF THE TABERNACLE.

The sacred hue of human flesh—Carnation; *in*carnation: the color of the body of a man in its beauty; of the maid's scarlet blush in noble love; of the youth's scarlet glow in noble war; the dye of the earth into which heaven has breathed its spirit; incarnate strength—incarnate modesty.

The stone of it is the Jasper, which, as we shall see, is colored with the same iron that colors the human blood; and thus you can understand why on the throne, in the vision of the returning Christ, "He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone."

I do not know if, in reading the account of the pitching of the standards of the princes of Israel round the Tabernacle, you have ever been brought to pause by the singular covering given to the Tabernacle itself,—rams' skins dyed red, and *badgers'* skins. Of rams' skins, of course, any quantity could be had from the flocks, but

of badgers', the supply must have been difficult.

And you will find, on looking into the matter, that the so-called badgers' skins were indeed those which young ladies are very glad to dress in at the present day,—seal-skins; and that the meaning of their use in the Tabernacle was, that it might be adorned with the useful service of the *flock* of the earth and sea; the multitude of the seals then in the Mediterranean being indicated to you both by the name and coinage of the city Phocæa; and by the attribution of them, to the God Proteus, in the first book of the Odyssey, under the precise term of flocks, to be counted by him as their shepherd.

From the days of Moses and of Homer to our own, the traffic in these precious wools and furs, in the cashmere wool, and the fur, after the seal disappeared, of the gray ermine (becoming white in the Siberian winter), has continued; and in the days of chivalry became of immense importance; because the mantle, and the collar fastening close about the neck, were at once the most useful and the most splendid piece of dress of the warrior nations, who rode and slept in roughest weather, and in open field.

It is no true folly to think that stones live, but it *is*, to think that souls die; it is no true folly to believe that, in the day of the making up of jewels, the palace walls shall be compact

of life above their corner-stone,—but it *is*, to believe that in the day of dissolution the souls of the globe shall be shattered with its emerald; and no spirit survive, unterrified, above the ruin.

Yes, pretty ladies! love the stones, and take care of them; but love your own souls better, and take care of *them*, for the day when the Master shall make up his jewels. See that it be first the precious stones of the breast-plate of justice you delight in, and are brave in; not first the stones of your own diamond necklaces you delight in, and are fearful for, lest perchance the lady's maid miss that box at the station. Get your breast-plate of truth first, and every earthly stone will shine in it.

As you are true in the choosing, be just in the sharing, of your jewels. They are but dross and dust, after all; and you, my sweet religious friends, who are so anxious to impart to the poor your pearls of great price, may surely also share with them your pearls of little price. Strangely (to my own mind at least), you are not so zealous in distributing your estimable rubies, as you are in communicating your *in*estimable wisdom. Of the grace of God, which you can give away in the quantity you think others are in need of, without losing any yourselves, I observe you to be affectionately lavish; but of the jewels of God, if any suggestions be

made by charity touching the distribution of *them*, you are apt, in your wisdom, to make answer like the wise virgins, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you."

Now, my fair friends, doubtless, if the Tabernacle were to be erected again, in the middle of the park, you would all be eager to stitch camels' hair for it;—some to make presents of sealskins to it; and, perhaps, not a few fetch your jewel-cases, offering their contents to the selection of Bezaleel and Aholiab.

But that cannot be, now, with so Crystal-Palace-like entertainment to you. The tabernacle of God is now with men;—*in* men, and women, the sucklings also; which temple ye are, ye and your Christian sisters; of whom the poorest, here in London, are a very undecorated shrine indeed. *They* are the Tabernacle, fair friends, which you have got leave, and charge, to adorn. Young ladies, you are yourselves the church, dears; and see that you be finally adorned, as women professing godliness, with the precious stones of good works. So shall your days be long in the sweet and sacred land which the Lord your God has given you; so, truly, shall THE GOLD OF THAT LAND BE GOOD, AND THERE, ALSO, THE CRYSTAL, AND THE ONYX STONE.

PLANTS AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

"Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss." Pope could not have known the hundredth part of the number of "sorts" of moss there are; and I suppose he only chose the word because it was a monosyllable beginning with m, and the best English general expressisn for despised and minute structures of plants. But a fate rules the words of wise men, which makes their words truer and worth more, than the men themselves know. No other plants have so endless variety on so similar a structure as the mosses; and none teach so well the humility of Death. As for the death of our bodies, we have learned, wisely or unwisely, to look the fact of that in the face. But none of us, I think, yet care to look the fact of the death of our minds in the face. I do not mean death of our souls, but of our mental work. So far as it is good *art*, indeed, and done in realistic form, it may perhaps not die; but so far as it was only good *thought*—good, for its time, and apparently a great achievement therein—that good, useful thought may yet in the future become a foolish thought, and then die quite away,—it, and the memory of it,—when better thought and knowledge come. But the better thought could not have come if the weaker thought had not come first, and died in sus-

taining the better. If we think honestly, our thoughts will not only live usefully, but even perish usefully—like the moss—and become dark, not without due service. But if we think dishonestly, or malignantly, our thoughts will die like evil fungi,—dripping corrupt dew.

Other symbols have been given often to show the evanescence and slightness of our lives—the foam upon the water, the grass on the housetop, the vapor that vanishes away; yet none of these are images of true human life. That life, when it is real, is *not* evanescent; is *not* slight; does *not* vanish away. Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained; more stubborn in the root, higher toward heaven in the branch; and, "as a teil tree, and as an oak,—whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves,—so the holy seed is in the midst thereof."

Only remember on what conditions. In the great Psalm of life, we are told that everything that a man doeth shall prosper, so only that he delight in the law of his God, that he hath not walked in the counsel of the wicked, nor sat in the seat of the scornful. Is it among these leaves of the perpetual Spring,—helpful leaves for the healing of the nations,—that we mean to

have our part and place, or rather among the "brown skeletons of leaves that lag, the forest brook along"? For other leaves there are, and other streams that water them,—not water of life, but water of Acheron. Autumnal leaves there are that strew the brooks, in Vallombrosa. Remember you how the name of the place was changed: "Once called 'Sweet Water' (Aqua bella), now, the Shadowy Vale." Portion in one or other name we must choose, all of us,—with the living olive, by the living fountains of waters, or with the wild fig trees, whose leafage of human soul is strewed along the brooks of death, in the eternal Vallombrosa.

What shall we say of the plants whose entire destiny is parasitic—which are not only sometimes, and *im*pertinently, but always, and pertinently, out of place; not only out of the right place, but out of any place of their own? When is mistletoe, for instance, in the right place, young ladies, think you? On an apple tree, or on a ceiling? When is ivy in the right place?—when wallflower? The ivy has been torn down from the towers of Kenilworth; the weeds from the arches of the Coliseum, and from the steps of the Araceli, irreverently, vilely, and in vain; but how are we to separate the creatures whose office it is to abate the grief of ruin by their gentleness,

> "wafting wallflower scents
> From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride,
> And chambers of transgression, now forlorn,"

from those which truly resist the toil of men, and conspire against their fame; which are cunning to consume, and prolific to encumber; and of whose perverse and unwelcome sowing we know, and can say assuredly, "An enemy hath done this."

Will you note also—for this is of extreme interest—that essential faults are all mean faults; —what we may call ground-growing faults; conditions of semi-education, of hardly-treated homelife, or of coarsely-minded and wandering prosperity. How literally may we go back from the living soul symbolized, to the strangely accurate earthly symbol, in the prickly weed. For if, with its bravery of endurance, and carelessness in choice of home, we find also definite faculty and habit of migration, volant mechanism for choiceless journey, not divinely directed in pilgrimage to known shrines; but carried at the wind's will by a Spirit which listeth *not*—it will go hard but that the plant shall become, if not dreaded, at least despised; and, in its wandering and reckless splendor, disgrace the garden of the sluggard, and possess the inheritance of the prodigal: until even its own nature seems contrary to good, and the invoca-

tion of the just man be made to it as the executor of Judgment, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

---

### THE BLOSSOM OF THE THORN.

I want, if I can, to find out to-day, 25th May, 1875, what it is we like it so much for: holding these two branches of it in my hand—one full out, the other in youth. This full one is a mere mass of symmetrically balanced—snow, one was going vaguely to write, in the first impulse. But it is nothing of the sort. White,—yes, in a high degree; and pure, totally; but not at all dazzling in the white, nor pure in an insultingly rivalless manner, as snow would be; yet pure somehow, certainly; and white, absolutely, in spite of what might be thought failure,—imperfection—nay even distress and loss in it. For every little rose of it has a green darkness in the centre—not even a pretty green, but a faded, yellowish, glutinous, unaccomplished green; and round that, all over the surface of the blossom, whose shell-like petals are themselves deep sunk, with gray shadows in the hollows of them—all above this already subdued brightness, are strewn the dark points of the dead stamens—manifest more and more, the longer one looks, as a kind of

gray sand, sprinkled without sparing over what looked, at first, unspotted light. And in all the ways of it the lovely thing is more like the spring frock of some prudent little maid of fourteen, than a flower;—frock with some little spotty pattern on it to keep it from showing an unintended and inadvertent spot,—if fate should ever inflict such a thing! Undeveloped, thinks Mr. Darwin,—the poor short-coming, ill-blanched thorn blossom—going to be a rose, some day soon; and, what next?—who knows?—perhaps a Pæony!

## WISE EXPENDITURE.

Suppose that the ladies of the richer classes should come to delight no less in new pictures than in new dresses; and that picture-making should thus become as constant and lucrative an occupation as dress-making. Still, you know, they can't buy pictures and dresses too. If they buy two pictures a day, they can't buy two dresses a day; or if they do, they must save in something else. They have but a certain income, be it never so large. They spend that, now; and you can't get more out of them. Even if they lay by money, the time comes when somebody must spend it. You will find that they do

verily spend now all they have, neither more nor less. If ever they seem to spend more it is only by running in debt and not paying; if they for a time spend less, some day the overplus must come into circulation. All they have, they spend; more than that, they cannot at any time: less than that, they can only for a short time.

I know a most kind lady, a clergyman's wife, who devotes her life to the benefit of her country by employing lacemakers; and all her friends make presents of collars and cuffs to each other, for the sake of charity; and as, if they did not, the poor girl-lacemakers would probably indeed be "diverted" into some other less diverting industry, in due assertion of the rights of women (cartridge-filling, or percussion-cap making, most likely) I even go to the length, sometimes, of furnishing my friend with a pattern, and never say a word to disturb her young customers in their conviction that it is an act of Christian charity to be married in more than ordinarily expensive veils.

### LIBERTY NOT INDEPENDENCE.

Of all attainable liberties, then, be sure first to strive for leave to be useful. Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are depend-

ent not only on every act of people whom you never heard of, who are living round you, but on every past act of what has been dust for a thousand years. So also, does the course of a thousand years to come, depend upon the little perishing strength that is in you.

Little enough, and perishing, often without reward, however well spent. Understand that. Virtue does not consist in doing what will be presently paid, or even paid at all, to you, the virtuous person. It may so chance; or may not. It will be paid, some day; but the vital condition of it, as virtue, is that it shall be content in its own deed, and desirous rather that the pay of it, if any, should be for others.

### ESSENTIALS OF LIFE.

There are three material things, not only useful, but essential to life. No one "knows how to live" till he has got them.

These are, pure air, water, and earth.

There are three immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to life. No one knows how to live till he has got them also.

These are, admiration, hope, and love.*

* Wordsworth, *Excursion*, book 4th; vol. vi., p. 135.

Admiration—the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible form, and lovely in human character; and, necessarily, striving to produce what is beautiful in form, and to become what is lovely in character.

Hope—the recognition, by the true foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointable effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them.

Love, both of family and neighbor, faithful, and satisfied.

---

### CANDLES.

The final law respecting the sun, and all manner of minor lights and candles, I once explained to an intelligent and obliging wax and tallow chandler at Abbeville, in whose shop I used to sit sketching in rainy days, and watching the cart-loads of ornamental candles which he used to supply for the church at the far east end of the town, where the young ladies of the better class in Abbeville had just got up a beautiful evening service, with a pyramid of candles which it took at least half an hour to light, and as long to put out again, and which, when lighted up to

the top of the church, were only to be looked at themselves, and sung to, and not to light anybody, or anything. I got the tallow-chandler to calculate vaguely the probable cost of the candles lighted in this manner, every day, in all the churches of France; and then I asked him how many cottagers' wives he knew round Abbeville itself who could afford, without pinching, either dip or mould in the evening to make their children's clothes by, and whether, if the pink and green beeswax of the district were divided every afternoon among them, it might not be quite as honorable to God, and as good for the candle trade? Which he admitted readily enough; but what I should have tried to convince the young ladies themselves of, at the evening service, would probably not have been admitted so readily;—that they themselves were nothing more than an extremely graceful kind of wax-tapers which had got into their heads that they were only to be looked at, for the honor of God, and not to light anybody.

## CHRISTMAS.

For one of two things the story of the Nativity *is* certainly, and without any manner of doubt. It relates either a fact full of power, or a dream

full of meaning. It is, at the least, not a cunningly-devised fable, but the record of an impression made, by some strange spiritual cause, on the minds of the human race, at the most critical period of their existence:—an impression which has produced, in past ages, the greatest effect on mankind ever yet achieved by an intellectual conception; and which is yet to guide, by the determination of its truth or falsehood, the absolute destiny of ages to come.

Will you give some little time, therefore, to think of it with me to-day, being, as you tell me, sure of its truth? What, then, let me ask you, is its truth to *you?* The Child for whose birth you are rejoicing was born, you are told, to save his people from their sins; but I have never noticed that you were particularly conscious of any sins to be saved from. If I were to tax you with any one in particular—lying, or thieving, or the like—my belief is you would say directly I had no business to do anything of the kind.

Nay, but, you may perhaps answer me—"That is because we *have* been saved from our sins; and we are making merry, because we are so perfectly good."

Well; there would be some reason in such an answer. There is much goodness in you to be thankful for; far more than you know, or have learned to trust. Still, I don't believe you will

tell me seriously that you eat your pudding and go to your pantomimes only to express your satisfaction that you are so very good.

What is, or may be, this Nativity, to you, then, I repeat? Shall we consider, a little, what, at all events, it was to the people of its time; and so make ourselves more clear as to what it might be to us? We will read slowly.

"And there were, in that country, shepherds, staying out in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Watching night and day, that means; not going home. The staying out in the field is the translation of a word from which a Greek nymph has her name, Agraulos, "the stayer out in fields," of whom I shall have something to tell you, soon.

"And behold, the messenger of the Lord stood above them, and the glory of the Lord lightened round them; and they feared a great fear."

My religious friends, let me write a few words of this letter, not to my poor puzzled workmen, but to you, who will all be going serenely to church to-morrow. This messenger, formed as we know not, stood above the shepherds, and the glory of the Lord lightened round them.

Brighter than the sun; perhaps twenty-one colored, instead of seven colored, and as bright

as the lime-light; doubtless you would have liked to see it, at midnight, in Judæa.

You tell me not to be wise above that which is written; why, therefore, should you be desirous, above that which is given? You cannot see the glory of God as bright as the lime-light at midnight; but you may see it as bright as the sun, at eight in the morning; if you choose.

The vision of their multitude means at least this; that all the powers of the outer world which have any concern with ours became, in some way, visible now: having interest—they, in the praise,—as all the hosts of earth in the life, of this Child, born in David's town. And their hymn was of peace to the lowest of the two hosts—peace on earth;—and praise in the highest of the two hosts; and, better than peace, and sweeter than praise, Love, among men.

Now, my religious friends, I continually hear you talk of acting for God's glory, and giving God praise. Might you not, for the present, think less of praising, and more of pleasing him? He can, perhaps, dispense with your praise; your opinions of his character, even when they come to be held by a large body of the religious press, are not of material importance to him. He has the hosts of heaven to praise him, who see more of his ways, it is likely, than you; but you hear that you may be pleasing to him, if you try:—

that he expected, then, to have some satisfaction in you; and might have even great satisfaction—well-pleasing, as in his own Son, if you tried. The sparrows and the robins, if you give them leave to nest as they choose about your garden, will have their own opinions about your garden; some of them will think it well laid out, —others ill. You are not solicitous about their opinions; but you like them to love each other; to build their nests without stealing each other's sticks, and to trust you to take care of them.

Perhaps, in like manner, if in this garden of the world, you would leave off telling its Master your opinions of him, and, much more, your quarrelling about your opinions of him; but would simply trust him, and mind your own business modestly, he might have more satisfaction in you than he has had yet these eighteen hundred and seventy-one years, or than he seems likely to have in the eighteen hundred and seventy-second.

What is this Christmas to you? What Light is there, for your eyes, also, pausing yet over the place where the Child lay?

I will tell you, briefly, what Light there should be;—what lessons and promise are in this story, at the least. There may be infinitely more than I know; but there is certainly, this.

The Child is born to bring you the promise of

new life. Eternal or not, is no matter; pure and redeemed, at least.

He is born twice on your earth; first, from the womb, to the life of toil, then, from the grave, to that of rest.

To his first life, he is born in a cattle-shed, the supposed son of a carpenter; and afterwards brought up to a carpenter's craft.

But the circumstances of his second life are, in great part, hidden from us: only note this much of it. The three principal appearances to his disciples are accompanied by giving or receiving of food. He is known at Emmaus in breaking of bread; at Jerusalem he himself eats fish and honey to show that he is not a spirit; and his charge to Peter is "when they had dined," the food having been obtained under his direction.

But in his first showing himself to the person who loved him best, and to whom he had forgiven most, there is a circumstance more singular and significant still. Observe—assuming the accepted belief to be true,—this was the first time when the Maker of men showed himself to human eyes, risen from the dead, to assure them of immortality. You might have thought he would have shown himself in some brightly glorified form,—in some sacred and before unimaginable beauty.

He shows himself in so simple aspect, and dress, that she, who, of all people on the earth, should have known him best, glancing quickly back through her tears, does not know him. Takes him for "the gardener."

Now, unless absolute orders had been given to us, such as would have rendered error impossible (which would have altered the entire temper of Christian probation); could we possibly have had more distinct indication of the purpose of the Master—born first by witness of shepherds, in a cattle-shed, then by witness of the person for whom he had done most, and who loved him best, in a garden, and in gardener's guise, and not known even by his familiar friends till he gave them bread,—could it be told us, I repeat, more definitely by any sign or indication whatsoever, that the noblest human life was appointed to be by the cattle-fold and in the garden; and to be known as noble in breaking of bread?

## RETRIBUTION.

Foolish moral writers will tell you that whenever you do wrong you will be punished, and whenever you do right rewarded: which is true, but only half the truth. And foolish immoral

writers will tell you that if you do right, you will get no good; and if you do wrong dexterously, no harm. Which, in their sense of good and harm, is true also, but, even in that sense, only half the truth. The joined and four-square truth is, that every right is exactly rewarded, and every wrong exactly punished; but that, in the midst of this subtle, and, to our impatience, slow retribution, there is a startlingly separate or counter ordinance of good and evil,—one to this man, and the other to that,—one at this hour of our lives, and the other at that,—ordinance which is entirely beyond our control; and of which the providential law, hitherto, defies investigation.

### CARPACCIO'S PRINCESS.

In the year 1869, just before leaving Venice, I had been carefully looking at a picture by Victor Carpaccio, representing the dream of a young princess. Carpaccio has taken much pains to explain to us, as far as he can, the kind of life she leads, by completely painting her little bedroom in the light of dawn, so that you can see everything in it. It is lighted by two doubly-arched windows, the arches being painted crimson round their edges, and the capitals of the

shafts that bear them, gilded. They are filled at the top with small round panes of glass; but beneath, are open to the blue morning sky, with a low lattice across them; and in the one at the back of the room, are set two beautiful white Greek vases with a plant in each; one having rich dark and pointed green leaves, the other crimson flowers, but not of any species known to me, each at the end of a branch like a spray of heath.

These flower-pots stand on a shelf which runs all round the room, and beneath the windows, at about the height of the elbow, and serves to put things on anywhere: beneath it, down to the floor, the walls are covered with green cloth; but above, are bare and white. The second window is nearly opposite the bed, and in front of it is the princess's reading-table, some two feet and a half square, covered by a red cloth with a white border and dainty fringe: and beside it her seat, not at all like a reading-chair in Oxford, but a very small three-legged stool like a music stool, covered with crimson cloth. On the table are a book set up at a slope fittest for reading, and an hour-glass. Under the shelf, near the table, so as to be easily reached by the outstretched arm, is a press full of books. The door of this has been left open, and the books, I am grieved to say, are rather in disorder, hav-

ing been pulled about before the princess went to bed, and one left standing on its side.

Opposite this window, on the white wall, is a small shrine or picture (I can't see which, for it is in sharp retiring perspective), with a lamp before it, and a silver vessel hung from the lamp, looking like one for holding incense.

The bed is a broad four-poster, the posts being beautifully wrought golden or gilded rods, variously wreathed and branched, carrying a canopy of warm red. The princess's shield is at the head of it, and the feet are raised entirely above the floor of the room, on a dais which projects at the lower end so as to form a seat, on which the child has laid her crown. Her little blue slippers lie at the side of the bed,—her white dog beside them. The coverlid is scarlet, the white sheet folded half way back over it; the young girl lies straight, bending neither at waist nor knee, the sheet rising and falling over her in a narrow unbroken wave, like the shape of the coverlid of the last sleep, when the turf scarcely rises. She is some seventeen or eighteen years old; her head is turned toward us on the pillow, the cheek resting on her hand, as if she were thinking, yet utterly calm in sleep, and almost colorless. Her hair is tied with a narrow riband, and divided into two wreaths, which encircle her head like a double crown. The

white nightgown hides the arm raised on the pillow, down to the wrist.

At the door of the room an angel enters (the little dog, though lying awake, vigilant, takes no notice). He is a very small angel; his head just rises a little above the shelf round the room, and would only reach as high as the princess's chin, if she were standing up. He has soft gray wings, lustreless; and his dress, of subdued blue, has violet sleeves, open above the elbow, and showing white sleeves below. He comes in without haste, his body, like a mortal one, casting shadow from the light through the door behind, his face perfectly quiet; a palm-branch in his right hand—a scroll in his left.

So dreams the princess, with blessed eyes, that need no earthly dawn. It is very pretty of Carpaccio to make her dream out the angel's dress so particularly, and notice the slashed sleeves; and to dream so little an angel—very nearly a doll angel,—bringing her the branch of palm, and message. But the lovely characteristic of all is the evident delight of her continual life. Royal power over herself, and happiness in her flowers, her books, her sleeping and waking, her prayers, her dreams, her earth, her heaven.

"How do I know the princess is industrious?"

Partly by the trim state of her room,—by the

hour-glass on the table,—by the evident use of all the books she has (well bound, every one of them, in stoutest leather or velvet, and with no dog's-ears), but more distinctly from another picture of her, not asleep. In that one, a prince of England has sent to ask her in marriage; and her father, little liking to part with her, sends for her to his room to ask her what she would do. He sits, moody and sorrowful; she, standing before him in a plain house-wifely dress, talks quietly, going on with her needle work all the time.

A work-woman, friends, she, no less than a princess; and princess most in being so.

---

### TRUE ARCHITECTURE.

True architecture is a thing which puts its builders to cost—not which pays them dividends. If a society chose to organize itself to build the most beautiful houses, and the strongest that it could, either for art's sake, or love's; either palaces for itself, or houses for the poor; such a society would build something worth looking at, but not get dividends. True architecture is built by the man who wants a house for himself, and builds it to his own liking, at his own cost; not for his own gain, to the liking of other people.

All orders of houses may be beautiful when they are thus built by their master to his own liking. Three streets from me, at this moment, is one of the sixteenth century. The corner stones of it are ten feet long, by three broad, and two thick—fifty courses of such, and the cornice—flawless stones, laid as level as a sea horizon, so that the walls become one solid mass of unalterable rock—four gray cliffs set square in mid-Florence, some hundred and twenty feet from cornice to ground. The man who meant to live in it built it so; and Titian painted his little granddaughter for him. He got no dividend by his building—no profit on his picture. House and picture, absolutely untouched by time, remain to this day.

On the hills about me at Coniston there are also houses built by their owners, according to their means and pleasure. A few loose stones gathered out of the fields, set one above another to a man's height from the ground; a branch or two of larch, set gable-wise across them; on these, some turf cut from the next peat moss. It is enough; the owner gets no dividend on his building; but he has covert from wind and rain, and is honorable among the sons of Earth. He has built as best he could, to his own mind.

You think that there ought to be no such differences in habitation; that nobody should live

in a palace, and nobody under a heap of turf? But if ever you become educated enough to know something about the arts, you will like to see a palace built in noble manner; and if ever you become educated enough to know something about men, you will love some of them so well as to desire that at least they should live in palaces, though you cannot. But it will be long now before you can know much, either about arts or men. The one point you may be assured of is, that your happiness does not at all depend on the size of your house—(or, if it does, rather on its smallness than largeness); but depends entirely on your having peaceful and safe possession of it—on your habits of keeping it clean and in order—on the materials of it being trustworthy, if they are no more than stone and turf—and on your contentment with it, so that gradually you may mend it to your mind, day by day, and leave it to your children a better house than it was.

To your children, and to theirs, desiring for them that they may live as you have lived; and not strive to forget you, and stammer when any one asks who you were, because, forsooth, they have become fine folks by your help.

### SUNDAY A GLAD DAY.

The serious disadvantage of eating and fine dressing, considered as religious ceremonies, whether at Christmas, or on Sunday, in the Sunday dinner and Sunday gown,—is that you don't always clearly understand what the eating and dressing signify. Why should Sunday be kept otherwise than Christmas, and be less merry? Because it is a day of rest, commemorating the fulfilment of God's easy work, while Christmas is a day of toil, commemorating the beginning of his difficult work? Is that the reason? Or because Christmas commemorates His stooping to thirty years of sorrow, and Sunday His rising to countless years of joy? Which should be the gladdest day of the two, think you, on either ground.

When I was a child, I lost the pleasure of some three-sevenths of my life because of Sunday; for I always had a way of looking forward to things, and a lurid shade was cast over the whole of Friday and Saturday by the horrible sense that Sunday was coming, and inevitable. Not that I was rebellious against my good mother or aunts in any wise; feeling only that we were all crushed under a relentless fate.

SYMPATHY NECESSARY TO COMPREHENSION.

Your literary institutes must everywhere fail, as long as you think that merely to buy a book, and to know your letters, will enable you to read the book. Not one word of any book is readable by you except so far as your mind is one with its author's, and not merely his words like your words, but his thoughts like your thoughts.

For instance, the other day, at a bookstall, I bought a shilling Shakespeare. To such degree of wealth, ingenuity, and literary spirit has the nineteenth century reached, that it has a shilling to spare for its Shakespeare—can produce its Shakespeare in a pocketable shape for that sum —and is ready to invest its earnings in literature to that extent. Good. You have now your Shakespeare, complete, in your pocket; you will read the greatest of dramatic authors at your leisure, and form your literary taste on that model.

Suppose we read a line or two together then, you and I;—it may be that *I* cannot, unless you help me.

> "And there, at Venice, gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ,
> Under whose colors he had fought so long."

What do you suppose Shakespeare means by

calling Venice a "pleasant" country? What sort of a country was, or would have been, pleasant to *him?* The same that is pleasant to you, or another kind of country? Was there any coal in that earth of Venice, for instance? Any gas to be made from it? Any iron?

What does Shakespeare mean by a "pure" soul, or by purity in general? How does a soul become pure, or clean, and how dirty? Are you sure that your own soul is pure? if not, is its opinion on the subject of purity likely to be the same as Shakespeare's? And might you not just as well read a mure soul, or demure, or a scure soul, or obscure, as a pure soul, if you don't know what Shakespeare means by the word?

### ACTION AND FAITH.

You will find that St. Paul's "without doubting"—for which, if you like, you may substitute, "by, or in faith"—covers nearly every definition of right action; and also that it is not possible to have this kind of faith unless one can add—as he does—"having faith, and a good conscience." It does not at all follow that one must be doing a right thing; that will depend on one's sense and information; but one must be

doing deliberately a thing we entirely *suppose* to be right, or we shall not do it becomingly.

### MAIN USE OF WORKS OF FICTION.

The main use of works of fiction, and of the drama, is to supply, as far as possible, the defect of imagination in common minds. But there is a curious difference in the nature of these works themselves, dependent on the degree of imaginative power of the writers, which I must at once explain, else I can neither answer for you my own question, why Scott could not write a play, nor show you, which is my present object, the real nature of sentiment.

Do you know, in the first place, what a play is? or what a poem is? or what a novel is? That is to say, do you know the perpetual and necessary distinctions in literary aim which have brought these distinctive names into use? You had better first, for clearness' sake, call all the three "poems," for all the three are so, when they are good, whether written in verse or prose. All truly imaginative account of man is poetic; but there are three essential kinds of poetry,—one dramatic, one lyric, and one epic.

Dramatic poetry is the expression by the poet of other people's feelings, his own not being told.

Lyric poetry is the expression by the poet of his own feelings.

Epic poetry is the account given by the poet of other people's external circumstances, and of events happening to them, with only such expression, either of their feelings or his own, as he thinks may be conveniently added.

The business of dramatic poetry is therefore with the heart essentially; it despises external circumstances.

Lyric poetry may speak of anything that excites emotion in the speaker; while epic poetry insists on external circumstances, and no more exhibits the heart-feeling than as it may be gathered from these.

For instance, the fight between the Prince of Wales and Hotspur, in Henry the Fourth, corresponds closely, in the character of the event itself, to the fight of Fitz-James with Roderick, in the Lady of the Lake. But Shakespeare's treatment of his subject is strictly dramatic; Scott's, strictly epic.

Shakespeare gives you no account whatever of any blow or wound: his stage direction is, briefly, "Hotspur is wounded, and falls." Scott gives you accurate account of every external circumstance, and the finishing touch of botanical accuracy—

> "Down came the blow; but in the *heath*
> The erring blade found bloodless sheath,"

makes his work perfect as epic poetry. And Scott's work is always epic, and it is contrary to his very nature to treat any subject dramatically.

That is the technical distinction, then, between the three modes of work. But the gradation of power in all three depends on the degree of imagination with which the writer can enter into the feelings of other people. Whether in expressing theirs or his own, and whether in expressing their feelings only, or also the circumstances surrounding them, his power depends on his being able to feel as they do; in other words, on his being able to conceive character. And the literature which is not poetry at all, which is essentially unsentimental, or anti-poetic, is that which is produced by persons who have no imagination, and whose merit (for of course I am not speaking of bad literature) is in their wit or sense, instead of their imagination.

The most prosaic, in this sense, piece I have ever myself examined, in the literature of any nation, is the Henriade of Voltaire. You may take that as a work of a man whose head was as destitute of imaginative power as it is possible for the healthy cerebral organization of a highly developed mammalian animal to be.

### STORY OF A CROCUS.

Read with some sympathy, if you can, this true story of a crocus, which, being told me the other day by one who, whether I call him friend or not, is indeed friendly to me, and to all whom he can befriend, I begged him to write it for your sakes, which he has thus graciously done:—

"It is impossible to describe the delight which I took in my first flower, yet it was only a poor, peeky, little sprouting crocus. Before I begin the story, I must, in two lines, make known my needy state at the time when I became the owner of the flower. I was in my eleventh year, meanly clothed, plainly fed, and penniless; an errand-boy in receipt of one shilling and sixpence a week, which sum I consumed in bread and shoe leather. Yet I was happy enough, living in a snug cottage in the suburbs of Oxford, within sight of its towers, and within hearing of its bells. In the back yard of my home were many wonders. The gable end of a barn was mantled with ivy, centuries old, and sparrows made their home in its leafage; an ancient wall, old as the Norman tower at the other end of the town, was rich in gilly-flowers; a wooden shed, with red tiles, was covered by a thriving 'tea tree,' so we called it, which in summer was all blossom, pendant mauve

colored blossoms. This tree managed to interlace its branches among the tiles so effectively as in the end to lift off the whole roof in a mass, and poise it in the air. Bees came in swarms to sip honey at the blossoms; I noted civilized hive bees, and large ones whose waxen cells were hidden in mossy banks in the woods —these had crimson and saffron tinted bodies, or, for variety, hairy shapes of sombre green and black. I was never weary of my wall-flowers, and bees, and butterflies. But, so it is, I happened one day to get a glimpse of a college garden, about the end of February or the beginning of March, when its mound of venerable elms was lit up with star-like yellow flowers. The dark earth was robed as with a bright garment of imperial, oriental splendor. It was the star-shaped aconite, as I believe, but am not sure, whose existence in flower is brief, but glorious, when beheld, as I beheld it, in masses. Henceforth, if Old Fidget, the gardener, was not at the back gate of St. J——, I peeped through the keyhole at my yellow garden bed, which seemed flooded with sunlight, only broken by patches of rich black earth, which formed strange patterns, such as we see on Japanese screens of lacquer and bronze, only that the flowers had a glory of their own. Well, I looked through the keyhole every time I passed, and that was four

times daily, and always with increased interest for my flowering aconite. But oh! trouble upon trouble—one day I found the keyhole stopped, and there was an end of my daily joy, and of the interest which had been awakened in me, in a new way, for the wonders of nature. My love of flowers, however, increased, and I found means to feed my love. I had often observed Old Fidget, the head gardener, and his mates, bring out wheelbarrow loads of refuse from the shrubbery and flower beds, and throw them in a heap along the garden wall without, where a long, deep trench had become the well-known receptacle for rubbish. Such places were common in town suburbs in those days. The rubbish consisted of cuttings of shrubs and plants, and rakings of flower borders, but more bountifully, of elm leaves, and the cast-off clothing of chestnut trees, which soon lay rotting in flaky masses, until I happened to espy a fragment of a bulb, and then the rubbish of the garden, which concealed sprouting chestnuts, knew no rest. I went, one holiday, and dug deep, with no other implement than my hands, into this matted mass. I labored, till at length, in a mass of closely pressed leaves, I came upon a perfect crocus. It lay like a dead elfin infant in its forest grave. I was enchanted, and afraid to touch it, as one would fear to commit a piece

of sacrilege. It lay in its green robes, which seemed spun from dainty silken threads unsoiled by mortal hands. Its blossom of pale flesh tint lay concealed within a creamy opalescent film, which seemed to revive and live when the light penetrated the darksome tomb, contrasting with the emerald robes, and silken, pliant roots. At length I lifted the flower from its bed, and carried it to my garden plot with breathless care. My garden plot, not much larger than a large baking dish, was enclosed by broken tiles —a scrubby place, unsuited to my newly discovered treasure. I broke up the earth and pulverized it with my fingers, but its coarseness was incurable. I abandoned it as I thought of some mole-hills in a neighboring copse, and soon my plot was filled deeply with soft sandy soil, fit for my flower. And then came the necessity of protecting it from the searching March winds, which I did effectually by covering it with a flower-pot, and the season wore on, and soft, mild days set in apace, and my flower, which was ever uppermost in my thoughts, whether sleeping or waking, began to show signs of life, as day by day I permitted the sun to look at it, until at length, one sunny, silent, Sunday morning, it opened its glowing, golden, sacramental cup, gleaming like light from heaven—dropt in a dark place, living light and fire. So it seemed to my

poor vision, and I called the household and the neighbors from their cares to share my rapture. But alas! my dream was ended; the flower had no fascination for those who came at my call. It was but a yellow crocus to them—some laughed, some tittered, some jeered me, and old Dick Willis, poor man, who got a crust by selling soft water by the pail, he only rubbed his dim eyes, and exclaimed in pity, 'God bless the poor boy.'"

## MEANING OF CREATION.

What do you think they were made for? All these spotty, scaly, finned, and winged, and clawed things, that grope between you and the dust, that flit between you and the sky. These motes in the air—sparks in the sea—mists and flames of life. The flocks that are your wealth —the moth that frets it away. The herds upon a thousand hills,—the locust,—and the worm, and the wandering plague whose spots are worlds. The creatures that mock you, and torment. The creatures that serve and love you (or would love if they might) and obey. The joys of the callow nests and burrowed homes of earth. The rocks of it, built out of its own dead. What is the meaning to you of all these,—what their worth to you?

I can assure you, this creation of His will bear more looking at than you have given yet, however addicted you may be to the contemplation of nature.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

It is all very well to bring up creatures with a spoon, when they are one or two too many, if they are useful things like pigs. But how if they be useless things like young ladies? You don't want any wives, I understand, now, till you are forty-five; what in the world will you do with your girls? Bring them up with a spoon, to that enchanting age?

"The girls may shift for themselves." Yes, —they may, certainly. Here is a picture of some of them, as given by the *Telegraph* of March 18, of the present year, under Lord Derby's new code of civilization, endeavoring to fulfil Mr. John Stuart Mill's wishes, and procure some more lucrative occupation than that of nursing the baby:—

"After all the discussions about woman's sphere and woman's rights, and the advisability of doing something to redress the inequality of position against which the fair sex, by the medium of many champions, so loudly protests

and so constantly struggles, it is not satisfactory to be told what happened at Cannon-row two days last week. It had been announced that the Civil Service Commissioners would receive applications personally from candidates for eleven vacancies in the metropolitan post-offices, and in answer to this notice, about 2,000 young women made their appearance. The building, the court-yard, and the street were blocked by a dense throng of fair applicants; locomotion was impossible, even with the help of policemen; windows were thrown up to view the sight, as if a procession had been passing that way; traffic was obstructed, and nothing could be done for hours. We understand, indeed, that the published accounts by no means do justice to the scene. Many of the applicants, it appears, were girls of the highest respectability and of unusually good social position, including daughters of clergymen and professional men, well connected, well educated, tenderly nurtured; but nevertheless, driven by the *res angustæ* which have caused many a heart-break, and scattered the members of many a home, to seek for the means of independent support. The crowd, the agitation, the anxiety, the fatigue proved too much for many of those who attended; several fainted away; others went in violent hysterics; others, despairing of success, remained just long

enough to be utterly worn out, and then crept off, showing such traces of mental anguish as we are accustomed to associate with the most painful bereavements. In the present case, it is stated the Commissioners examined over 1,000 candidates for the eleven vacancies. This seems a sad waste of power on both sides, when, in all probability, the first score supplied the requisite number of qualified aspirants."

---

### THE TELEGRAPH.

Such a beautiful invention this of Mr. Wheatstone's! and I hope you all understand the relations of positive and negative electricity. Now you may "communicate intelligence" by telegraph. Those wretched girls that used to write love-letters, of which their foolish lovers would count the words, and sometimes be thankful for,—less than twenty—how they would envy you if they knew. Only the worst is, that this beautiful invention for talking miles off, won't feed people in the long run, my dears, any more than the old invention of the tongue, for talking near, and you'll soon begin to think that was not so bad a one, after all. But you can't live by talking, though you talk in the scientificalest of manners, and to the other side of the world.

All the telegraph wire over the earth, and under the sea, will not do so much for you, my poor little qualified aspirants, as one strong needle with thimble and thread.

---

### A TRUE STORY FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

You *do* sometimes read a novel still, don't you, my scientific dears? I wish I could write one; but I can't; and George Eliot always makes them end so wretchedly that they're worse than none—so she's no good, neither. I must even translate a foreign novellette or nouvellette, which is to my purpose, next month; meantime I have chanced on a little true story, in the journal of an Englishman, travelling, before the Revolution, in France, which shows you something of the temper of the poor unscientific girls of that day.

"We met, a few days after he arrived, at a French house where we had been both invited to dinner. There was an old lady of quality present, next to whom a young officer was seated, who paid her the utmost attention. He helped her to the dishes she liked, filled her glass with wine or water, and addressed his discourse particularly to her. 'What a fool,' says

B——, 'does that young fellow make of the poor old woman! if she were my mother, if I would not call him to an account for it.'

"Though B—— understands French, and speaks it better than most Englishmen, he had no relish for the conversation, soon left the company, and has refused all invitations to dinner ever since. He generally finds some of our countrymen, who dine and pass the evening with him at the Parc Royal.

"After the review this day, we continued together, and being both disengaged, I proposed, by way of variety, to dine at the public ordinary of the Hôtel de Bourbon. He did not like this much at first. 'I shall be teased,' says he, 'with their confounded ceremony;' but on my observing that we could not expect much ceremony or politeness at a public ordinary, he agreed to go.

"Our entertainment turned out different, however, from my expectations and his wishes. A marked attention was paid us the moment we entered; everybody seemed inclined to accommodate us with the best places. They helped us first, and all the company seemed ready to sacrifice every convenience and distinction to the strangers: for, next to that of a lady, the most respected character at Paris is that of a stranger."

Now for our country story. I will not trans-

late the small bits of French in it; my most entirely English readers can easily find out what they mean, and they must gather what moral they may from it, for I have no space to comment on it in this letter.

"My friend F—— called on me a few days since, and as soon as he understood that I had no particular engagement, he insisted that I should drive somewhere into the country, dine *tête-à-tête* with him, and return in time for the play.

"When we had driven a few miles, I perceived a genteel-looking young fellow, dressed in an old uniform. He sat under a tree on the grass, at a little distance from the road, and amused himself by playing on the violin. As we came nearer we perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his side.

"'What do you do there, soldier?' said the Marquis. 'I am on my way home to my own village, mon officier,' said the soldier. 'But, my poor friend,' resumed the Marquis, 'you will be a furious long time before you arrive at your journey's end, if you have no other carriage besides these,' pointing at the fragments of his wooden leg. 'I wait for my equipage and all my suite,' said the soldier, 'and I am greatly mistaken if I do not see them this moment coming down the hill.'

"We saw a kind of cart, drawn by one horse, in which was a woman, and a peasant who drove the horse. While they drew near, the soldier told us he had been wounded in Corsica—that his leg had been cut off—that before setting out on that expedition, he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighborhood—that the marriage had been postponed till his return;—but when he appeared with a wooden leg, that all the girl's relations had opposed the match. The girl's mother, who was her only surviving parent when he began her courtship, had always been his friend; but she had died while he was abroad. The young woman herself, however, remained constant in her affections, received him with open arms, and had agreed to leave her relations, and accompany him to Paris, from whence they intended to set out in the diligence to the town where he was born, and where his father still lived. That on the way to Paris his wooden leg had snapped, which had obliged his mistress to leave him, and go to the next village in quest of a cart to carry him thither, where he would remain till such time as the carpenter should renew his leg. 'C'est un malheur,' concluded the soldier, 'mon officier, bientôt reparé—et voici mon amie!'

"The girl sprung before the cart, seized the outstretched hand of her lover, and told him,

with a smile full of affection, that she had seen an admirable carpenter, who had promised her to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by to-morrow, and they might resume their journey as soon after as they pleased.

"The soldier received his mistress's compliment as it deserved.

"She seemed about twenty years of age, a beautiful fine-shaped girl—a brunette, whose countenance indicated sentiment and vivacity.

"'You must be much fatigued, my dear,' said the Marquis. 'On ne se fatigue pas, Monsieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime,' replied the girl. The soldier kissed her hand with a gallant and tender air. 'Allons,' continued the Marquis, addressing himself to me, 'this girl is quite charming—her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow; they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four;—if you have no objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and see what can be done for these lovers.' I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life.

"The soldier began to make difficulties about entering into the *vis-à-vis*. 'Come, come, friend,' said the Marquis, 'I am a colonel, and it is your duty to obey: get in without more ado, and your mistress shall follow.'

"'Entrons, mon bon ami,' said the girl, 'since these gentlemen insist upon doing us so much honor.'

"'A girl like you would do honor to the finest coach in France. Nothing could please me more than to have it in my power to make you happy,' said the Marquis. 'Laissez moi faire, mon colonel,' said the soldier. 'Je suis heureuse comme une reine,' said Fanchon. Away moved the chaise, and the Marquis and I followed.

"'Voyez vous, combien nous sommes heureux nous autres François, à bon marché,' said the Marquis to me, adding with a smile, 'le bonheur, à ce qu'on m'a dit, est plus cher en Angleterre.' 'But,' answered I, 'how long will this last with these poor people?' 'Ah, pour le coup,' said he, 'voilà une reflexion bien Anglaise; —that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death is to come at last.'

"When we arrived at the inn to which we had ordered the postilion to drive, we found the soldier and Fanchon. After having ordered some victuals and wine, 'Pray,' said I to the soldier, 'how do you propose to maintain your wife and

yourself?' 'One who has contrived to live for five years on soldier's pay,' replied he, 'can have little difficulty for the rest of his life. I can play tolerably well on the fiddle,' added he, 'and perhaps there is not a village in all France, of the size, where there are so many marriages as in that in which we are going to settle; I shall never want employment.' 'And I,' said Fanchon, 'can weave hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings. Besides, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands, and although he is brother-in-law to the bailiff, and volontiers brutal, yet I will make him pay it, every sous.' 'And I,' said the soldier, 'have fifteen livres in my pocket, besides two louis that I have lent to a poor farmer to enable him to pay taxes, and which he will repay me when he is able.'

"'You see, sir,' said Fanchon to me, 'that we are not objects of compassion. May we not be happy, my good friend (turning to her lover with a look of exquisite tenderness), if it be not our own fault?' 'If you are not, ma douce amie!' said the soldier with great warmth, 'je serai bien à plaindre.'"

---

THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR OF PEASANTS.

On the thirteenth shelf of the south bookcase of my home library, stand, first, Kenelm Digby's

"Broad Stone of Honor," then in five volumes, bound in red, the "history of the ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha;" and then, in one volume, bound in green, a story no less pathetic, called the "Mirror of Peasants."

Its author does not mean the word "mirror" to be understood in the sense in which one would call Don Quixote the "Mirror of Chivalry;" but in that of a glass in which a man—beholding his natural heart, may know also the hearts of other men, as, in a glance, face answers to face.

The author of this story was a clergyman; but employed the greater part of his day in writing novels, having a gift for that species of composition, as well as for sermons, and observing, though he gave both excellent in their kind, that his congregation liked their sermons to be short, and his readers, their novels to be long.

Among them, however, were also many tiny novellettes, of which, young ladies, I to-day begin translating for you one of the shortest; hoping that you will not think the worse of it for being written by a clergyman. Of this author I will only say, that I think him the wisest man, take him all in all, with whose writings I am acquainted; chiefly because he showed his wisdom in pleasant and unappalling ways; as for instance, by keeping, for the chief ornament of

his study (not being able to afford expensive books), one book beautifully bound, and shining with magnificence of golden embossing; this book of books being his register, out of which he read, from the height of his pulpit, the promises of marriage. "Dans lequel il lisait, du haut de la chaire, les promesses de mariage."

He rose always early; breakfasted himself at six o'clock; and then got ready with his own hands the family breakfast, liking his servants better to be at work out of doors: wrote till eleven, dined at twelve, and spent the afternoon in his parish work, or in his fields, being a farmer of shrewdest and most practical skill; and through the Sundays of fifteen years, never once was absent from his pulpit.

---

### STATION IN LIFE.

I will ask you to consider with yourselves what St. James means by saying in the eighth verse of his General Epistle, "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low;" and if you find, as you generally will, if you think seriously over any verse of your Bibles whatsoever, that you never have had, and are never likely to have, the slightest idea what it means, perhaps you will

permit me to propose the following explanation to you. That while both rich and poor are to be content to remain in their several states, gaining only by the due and natural bettering of an honest man's settled life; if, nevertheless, any chance should occur to cause sudden difference in either of their positions, the poor man might wisely desire that it should be some relief from the immediate pressure of poverty, while the rich should esteem it the surest sign of God's favor, if, without fault of his own, he were forced to know the pain of a lower condition.

I have noticed the frantic fear of the ordinary British public, lest they should fall below their proper "station of life." It appears that almost the only real sense of duty remaining now in the British conscience is a passionate belief in the propriety of keeping up an appearance; no matter if on other people's money, so only that there be no signs of their coming down in the world.

I should be very glad therefore if any of my young lady readers, who consider themselves religious persons, would inform me whether they are satisfied with my interpretation of the text; and if so, then how far they would consent, without complaining, to let God humble them, if he wished to? If, for instance, they would, without pouting, allow him to have his way, even

to the point of forcing them to gain their bread by some menial service,—as, suppose, a housemaid's; and whether they would feel aggrieved at being made lower housemaid instead of upper.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

What good Scott has in him to do, I find no words full enough to tell. His ideal of honor in men and women is inbred, indisputable; fresh as the air of his mountains; firm as their rocks. His conception of purity in woman is even higher than Dante's; his reverence for the filial relation as deep as Virgil's; his sympathy universal;—there is no rank or condition of men of which he has not shown the loveliest aspect; his code of moral principle is entirely defined, yet taught with a reserved subtlety like Nature's own, so that none but the most earnest readers perceive the intention: and his opinions on all practical subjects are final; the consummate decisions of accurate and inevitable common sense, tempered by the most graceful kindness.

That he had the one weakness—I will not call it fault—of desiring to possess more and more of the actual soil of the land, which was so rich to his imagination, and so dear to his pride; and that, by his postern-gate of idolatry entered other

taints of folly and fault, punished by supreme misery, and atoned for by a generosity and solemn courage more admirable than the unsullied wisdom of his happier days, I have ceased to lament: for all these things make him only the more perfect to us as an example, because he is not exempt from common failings, and has his appointed portion in common pain.

---

### THREE GREAT DIVISIONS OF LIFE.

Note these three great divisions—essentially those of all men's lives, but singularly separate in Scott's,—the days of youth, of labor, and of death.

Youth is properly the forming time—that in which a man makes himself, or is made, what he is forever to be. Then comes the time of labor, when, having become the best he can be, he does the best he can do. Then the time of death, which, in happy lives, is very short: but always a *time*. The ceasing to breathe is only the end of death.

Walter Scott records the beginning of his own in the following entry in his diary, which reviews the life then virtually ended:—

"*December* 18*th*, 1825.—What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most

nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold, clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again, but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times: once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride. . . . ."

He was fifty-four on the 15th August of that year, and spoke his last words—"God bless you all,"—on the 21st September, 1832: so ending seven years of death.

His youth, like the youth of all the greatest men, had been long, and rich in peace, and altogether accumulative and crescent. I count it to end with that pain which you see he remembers to his dying day, given him by—Lilias Redgauntlet, in October, 1796. Whereon he sets himself to his work, which goes on nobly for thirty years, lapping over a little into the death-time.

## THREE WOMEN WHO FORMED THE MIND OF SCOTT.

Three women, as far as education could do it, formed the mind of Sir Walter Scott. His mas-

ters only polished and directed it. His mother, grandmother, and aunt welded the steel.

Hear first this of his mother:

"She had received, as became the daughter of an eminently learned physician, the best sort of education then bestowed on young gentlewomen in Scotland." The poet, speaking of Mrs. Euphemia Sinclair, the mistress of the school at which his mother was reared, to the ingenious local antiquary, Mr. Robert Chambers, said that "she must have been possessed of uncommon talents for education, as all her young ladies were, in after life, fond of reading, wrote and spelled admirably, were well acquainted with history and the belles lettres, without neglecting the more homely duties of the needle and accompt-book, and perfectly well-bred in society." Sir Walter further communicated that his mother, and many others of Mrs. Sinclair's pupils, were sent afterward *to be finished off* by the Honorable Mrs. Ogilvie, a lady who trained her young friends to a style of manners which would now be considered intolerably stiff. Such was the effect of this early training upon the mind of Mrs. Scott, that even when she approached her eightieth year, she took as much care to avoid touching her chair with her back, as if she had still been under the stern eye of Mrs. Ogilvie.

You are to note in this extract three things. First, the singular influence of education, given by a master or mistress of real power. "All her young ladies" (*all*, Sir Walter! do you verily mean this?) "fond of reading," and so forth.

Well, I believe that, with slight exceptions, Sir Walter *did* mean it. He seldom wrote, or spoke, in careless generalization. And I doubt not that it is truly possible, by first insisting on a girl's really knowing how to read, and then by allowing her very few books, and those absolutely wholesome,—and not amusing!—to give her a healthy appetite for reading. Spelling, I had thought, was impossible to many girls; but perhaps this is only because it is not early enough made a point of: it cannot be learned late.

You may safely gather what I want you to notice, that Sir Walter attributes the essentials of good breeding to the first careful and scholarly mistress; and only the formality, which he somewhat hesitatingly approves, to the finishing hand of Mrs. Ogilvie. He would have paid less regard to the opinion of modern society on such matters, had he lived to see our languid paradise of sofas and rocking-chairs. The beginning, and very nearly the end, of bodily education for a girl, is to make sure that she can stand and sit upright; the ankle vertical, and firm as a marble shaft; the waist elastic as a reed, and as unfa-

tiguable. I have seen my own mother travel from sunrise to sunset, in a summer's day, without once leaning back in the carriage.

The respectability belonging in those days to the profession of a schoolmistress. In fact, I do not myself think that any old lady *can* be respectable, unless she *is* one, whether she be paid for her pupils or not. And to deserve to be one, makes her Honorable at once, titled or untitled.

In these ancient manners, however, Scott's mother is brought up, and consistently abides; doubtless, having some reverence for the Latin tongue, and much faith in the medicine of prayer;—having had troubles about her soul's safety also; perhaps too solicitous, at one time, on that point; but being sure she has a soul to be solicitous about, which is much; obedient herself to the severest laws of morality and life; mildly and steadily enforcing them on her children; but naturally of light and happy temper, and with a strong turn to study [poetry and works of imagination.

When do you suppose the education of a child begins? At six months old it can answer smile with smile, and impatience with impatience. It can observe, enjoy, and suffer, acutely, and, in a measure, intelligently. Do you suppose it makes no difference to it that the order of the

house is perfect and quiet, the faces of its father and mother full of peace, their soft voices familiar to its ear, and even those of strangers, loving; or that it is tossed from arm to arm, among hard, or reckless, or vain-minded persons, in the gloom of a vicious household, or the confusion of a gay one? The moral disposition is, I doubt not, greatly determined in those first speechless years. I believe especially that quiet, and the withdrawal of objects likely to distract, by amusing, the child, so as to let it fix its attention undisturbed on every visible least thing in its domain, is essential to the formation of some of the best powers of thought. It is chiefly to this quietude of his own home that I ascribe the intense perceptiveness and memory of the three-years'-old child at Sandy-Knowe; for, observe, it is in that first year he learns his Hardiknute; by his aunt's help, he learns to read at Bath, and can cater for himself on his return. Of this aunt, and her mother, we must now know what we can. You notice the difference which Scott himself indicates between the two: "My grandmother, who was meekness itself, and my aunt, who was of a higher temper."

"My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me, with admirable

patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart."

Why admirable, Sir Walter? Surely she might have spent her time more usefully—lucratively at least—than in this manner of "nursing the baby." Might you not have been safely left to hunt up Hardiknute, in maturer years, for yourself?

By no manner of means, Sir Walter thinks; and justly. With all his gifts, but for this aunt Janet,—for his mother,—and for Lilias Redgauntlet,—he had assuredly been only a hunting laird, and the best story-teller in the Lothians.

Scott says, "I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. My affectionate aunt—although such a journey promised to a person of her retired habits anything but pleasure or amusement—undertook as readily to accompany me to the wells of Bladud, as if she had expected all the delight that ever the prospect of a watering-place held out to its most impatient visitants."

And why should she not? Does it not seem somewhat strange to you, from what you know of young or even middle-aged aunt Jessies of the present day, that Miss Scott should look upon the journey to Bath as so severe a piece of

self-denial; and that her nephew regards her doing so as a matter of course?

How old was aunt Jessie, think you? Scott's father, the eldest of a large family, was born in 1729,—in this year, therefore, was forty-six. If we uncharitably suppose Miss Jessie the next oldest, she would be precisely of the age of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble; and one could fancy her, it seems to me, on the occasion of this unforeseen trip to the most fashionable watering-places in England, putting up her rose-collard neglegay with green robins, and her bloo quilted petticot, without feeling herself in the position of a martyr led to the stake. But aunt Jessie must really have been much younger than Mrs. Tabitha, and have had the advantage of her in other particulars besides spelling. She was afterwards married, and when Lockhart saw her (1820?)—forty years or so after this—had still "the softest eye and the sweetest voice." And from the thatched mansion of the moorland, Miss Jessie feels it so irksome and solemn a duty—does she?—to go to "the squares, the circus, and the parades, which put *you* (Miss Lydia Melford) "in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows besides,"—not to speak of a real pump in a pump-room, with a

handle to it, and other machinery, instead of the unpumped Tweed!

Her nephew, however, judges her rightly. Aunt Jessie could give him no truer proof of faithful affection than in the serenity with which she resolves to take him to this centre of gayety.

You are to note this, that the end of all right education for a woman is to make her love her home better than any other place; that she should as seldom leave it as a queen her queendom; nor ever feel entirely at rest but within its threshold.

---

### A PART OF GOTTHELF'S STORY OF "HANSLI."

The little piece which I shall to-day further translate for you from my Swiss novel is interesting chiefly in showing the power with which affectionate and sentimental imagination may attach itself even to inanimate objects, and give them personality. But the works of its writer generally show the most wholesome balance of the sentimental and rational faculty I have ever met with in literature;—the part of Gotthelf's nature which is in sympathy with Pope and Fielding enables him to touch, to just the necessary point, the lower grotesqueness of peasant

nature, while his own conception of ideal virtue is as pure as Wordsworth's.

"Hansli always knew that as soon as he got home there would be enough to eat;—his mother saw faithfully to that. She knew the difference it makes whether a man finds something ready to eat, when he comes in, or not. He who knows there will be something at home, does not stop in the taverns; he arrives with an empty stomach, and furnishes it, highly pleased with all about him; but if he usually finds nothing ready when at home, he stops on the road, comes in when he has had enough, or too much; and grumbles right and left.

"Hansli was not avaricious, but economical. For things really useful and fit, he did not look at the money. In all matters of food and clothes, he wished his mother to be thoroughly at ease. He made a good bed for himself; and when he had saved enough to buy a knife or a good tool, he was quite up in the air. He himself dressed well,—not expensively, but solidly. Any one with a good eye knows quickly enough, at his sight of houses or of people, whether they are going up or down. As for Hansli, it was easy to see he was on the way up—not that he ever put on anything fine, but by his cleanliness and the careful look of his things: aussi, everybody liked to see him, and was very glad to

know that he prospered thus, not by fraud, but by work. With all that, he never forgot his prayers. On Sunday he made no brooms: in the morning he went to the sermon, and in the afternoon he read a chapter of the Bible to his mother, whose sight was now failing. After that, he gave himself a personal treat. This treat consisted in bringing out all his money, counting it, looking at it, and calculating how much it had increased, and how much it would yet increase, etc. etc. In that money, there were some very pretty pieces,—above all, pretty white pieces" (silver among the copper). "Hansli was very strong in exchanges; he took small money willingly enough, but never kept it long; it seemed always to him that the wind got into it, and carried it off too quickly. The new white pieces gave him an extreme pleasure,—above all, the fine dollars of Berne with the bear, and the superb Swiss of old time. When he had managed to catch one of these, it made him happy for many days.*

* This pleasure is a perfectly natural and legitimate one, and all the more because it is possible only when the riches are very moderate. After getting that first shilling, of which I told you, I set my mind greatly upon getting a pile of new "lion shillings," as I called them—the lion standing on the top of the crown; and my delight in the bloomy surface of their dead silver is quite a memorable joy to me.

"Nevertheless he had also his bad days. It was always a bad day for him when he lost a customer, or had counted on placing a new dozen of brooms anywhere, and found himself briskly sent from the door with 'We've got all we want.' At first Hansli could not understand the cause of such rebuffs, not knowing that there are people who change their cook as often as their shirt—sometimes oftener, and that he couldn't expect new cooks to know him at first sight. He asked himself then, with surprise, what he could have failed in,—whether his brooms had come undone, or whether anybody had spoken ill of him. He took that much to heart, and would plague himself all night to find out the real cause. But soon he took the thing more coolly; and even when a cook who knew him very well sent him about his business, he thought to himself, 'Bah! cooks are human creatures, like other people; and when master or mistress have been rough with them * because they've put too much pepper in the soup, or too much salt in the sauce, or when their schatz' (lover,—literally, treasure) 'is gone off to Pepperland, the poor girls have well the right to quarrel with somebody else.' Nevertheless, the course of time needs brought him some worse

* Has quarrelled with them.

days still, which he never got himself to take coolly. He knew now, personally, very nearly all his trees; he had indeed given, for himself alone, names to his willows, and some other particular trees, as Lizzie, Little Mary-Anne, Rosie, and so on. These trees kept him in joy all the year round, and he divided very carefully the pleasure of gathering their twigs. He treated the most beautiful with great delicacy, and carried the brooms of them to his best customers. It is true to say also that these were always master-brooms. But when he arrived thus, all joyous, at his willows, and found his Lizzie or his Rosie all cut and torn from top to bottom, his heart was so strained that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his blood became so hot that one could have lighted matches at it. That made him unhappy for a length of time; he could not swallow it, and all he asked was that the thief might fall into his grip, not for the value of the twigs, but because his trees had been hurt. If Hansli was not tall, still he knew how to use his limbs and his strength, and he felt his heart full of courage. On that point he absolutely would not obey his mother, who begged him for the love of God not to meddle with people who might kill him, or do him some grievous harm. But Hansli took no heed of all that. He lay in wait and spied until he caught somebody. Then

there were blows, and formidable battles in the midst of the solitary trees. Sometimes Hansli got the better; sometimes he came home all in disorder. But at the worst, he gained at least this, that thenceforward one let his willows more and more alone, as happens always when a thing is defended with valor and perseverance. What is the use of putting oneself in the way of blows, when one can get things somewhere else without danger? Aussi, the Rychiswyl farmers were enchanted with their courageous little gardechampêtre, and if one or the other saw him with his hair pulled, they failed not to say, 'Never mind, Hansli; he will have had his dance all the same. Tell me the next time you see anything—I'll go with you—and we'll cure him of his taste for brooms.' Whereupon Hansli would tell him when he saw anybody about that should not be; the peasant* kept himself hid; Hansli began the attack; the adversary, thinking himself strongest, waited for him; once the thief seized, the peasant showed himself, and all was said. Then the marauder would have got away if he could, but Hansli never let go till he had been beaten as was fitting.

"This was a very efficacious remedy against the switch-stealers, and little Mary-Anne and

* Paysan—see above.

Rosie remained in perfect security in the midst of the loneliest fields. Thus Hansli passed some years without perceiving it, and without imagining that things could ever change. A week passed, as the hand went round the clock, he didn't know how. Tuesday, market-day at Berne, was there before he could think about it; and Tuesday was no sooner past than Saturday was there; and he had to go to Thun, whether he would or no, for how could the Thun people get on without him? Between times he had enough to do to prepare his cartload, and to content his customers,—that is to say, those of them that pleased him. Our Hansli was a man; and every man, when his position permits it, has his caprices of liking and disliking. Whenever one had trod on his toes, one must have been very clever afterwards to get the least twig of a broom from him. The parson's wife, for instance, couldn't have got one if she would have paid for it twice over. It was no use sending to him; every time she did, he said he was very sorry, but he hadn't a broom left that would suit her.

"That was because she had one day said to him that he was just like other people, and contented himself with putting a few long twigs all round, and then bad ones in the middle.

"'Then you may as well get your brooms from somebody else,' said he; and held to it too;

—so well that the lady died without ever having been able to get the shadow of a broom from him.

"One Tuesday he was going to Berne with an enormous cartful of his prettiest brooms, all gathered from his favorite trees, that is to say, Rosie, Little-Mary-Anne, and Company. He was pulling with all his strength, and greatly astonished to find that his cart didn't go of itself, as it did at first; that it really pulled too hard, and that something must be wrong with it. At every moment he was obliged to stop to take breath and wipe his forehead. 'If only I was at the top of the hill of Stalden!' said he. He had stopped thus in the little wood of Muri, close to the bench that the women rest their baskets on. Upon the bench sat a young girl, holding a little bundle beside her, and weeping hot tears. Hansli, who had a kind heart, asked her what she was crying for.

"The young girl recounted to him that she was obliged to go into the town, and that she was so frightened she scarcely dared; that her father was a shoemaker, and that all his best customers were in the town; that for a long time she had carried her bundle of shoes in, on market days, and that nothing had ever happened to her. But behold, there had arrived in the town a new gendarme, very cross, who had

already tormented her every Tuesday she had come, for some time back; and threatened her, if she came again, to take her shoes from her, and put her in prison. She had begged her father not to send her any more, but her father was as severe as a Prussian soldier, and had ordered her to 'go in, always; and if anybody hurt her, it was with him they would have affairs;' but what would that help her?—she was just as much afraid of the gendarme as before.

"Hansli felt himself touched with compassion; above all, on account of the confidence the young girl had had in telling him all this; that which certainly she would not have done to everybody. 'But she has seen at once that I am not a bad fellow, and that I have a kind heart,' thought he.

"Poor Hansli!—but after all, it is faith which saves, people say.

"'Well,' said Hansli, 'I'll help you; give me your bag; I'll put it among my brooms, and nobody will see it. Everybody knows *me*. Not a soul will think I've got your shoes underneath there. You've only to tell me where to leave them—or indeed where to stop for you, if you like. You can follow a little way off;—nobody will think we have anything to do with each other.'

"The young girl made no compliments.

"'You are really very good,' said she, with a more serene face. She brought her packet, and Hans hid it so nicely that a cat couldn't have seen it.

"'Shall I push, or help you to pull?' asked the young girl, as if it had been a matter of course that she should also do her part in the work.

"'As you like best, though you needn't mind; it isn't a pair or two of shoes that will make my cart much heavier.' The young girl began by pushing; but that did not last long. Presently she found herself in front, pulling also by the pole.

"'It seems to me that the cart goes better so,' said she. As one ought to suppose, she pulled with all her strength; that which nevertheless did not put her out of breath, nor hinder her from relating all she had in her head or heart.

"They got to the top of the hill of Stalden without Hansli's knowing how that had happened: the long alley seemed to have shortened itself by half.

"There, one made one's dispositions; the young girl stopped behind, while Hansli, with her bag and his brooms, entered the town without the least difficulty, where he remitted her packet to the young girl, also without any acci-

dent; but they had scarcely time to say a word to each other before the press of people, cattle, and vehicles separated them. Hansli had to look after his cart, lest it should be knocked to bits. And so ended the acquaintanceship for that day. This vexed Hansli not a little; howbeit he didn't think long about it. We cannot (more's the pity) affirm that the young girl had made an ineffaceable impression upon him—and all the less, that she was not altogether made for producing ineffaceable impressions. She was a stunted little girl, with a broad face. That which she had of best was a good heart, and an indefatigable ardor for work; but those are things which, externally, are not very remarkable, and many people don't take much notice of them.

"Nevertheless, the next Tuesday, when Hansli saw himself at his cart again, he found it extremely heavy.

"'I wouldn't have believed,' said he to himself, 'what a difference there is between two pulling, and one.'

"'Will she be there again, I wonder?' thought he, as he came near the little wood of Muri. 'I would take her bag very willingly if she would help me to pull. Also the road is nowhere so ugly as between here and the town.'

"And behold that it precisely happened that

the young girl was sitting there upon the same bench, all the same as eight days before; only with the difference that she was not crying.

"'Have you got anything for me to carry to-day?' asked Hansli, who found his cart at once become a great deal lighter at the sight of the young girl.

"'It is not only for that that I have waited,' answered she; 'even if I had had nothing to carry to the town, I should have come, all the same; for eight days ago I wasn't able to thank you; nor to ask if that cost anything.'

"'A fine question!' said Hansli. 'Why, you served me for a second donkey; and yet I never asked how much I owed you for helping me to pull!' So, as all that went to itself, the young girl brought her bundle, and Hansli hid it, and she went to put herself at the pole as if she had known it all by heart. 'I had got a little way from home,' said she, 'before it came into my head that I ought to have brought a cord to tie to the cart behind, and that would have gone better; but another time, if I return, I won't forget.'

"This association for mutual help found itself, then, established, without any long diplomatic debates, and in the most simple manner. And, that day, it chanced that they were also able to come back together as far as the place

where their roads parted; all the same, they were so prudent as not to show themselves together before the gens d'arms at the town gates.

"And now for some time Hansli's mother had been quite enchanted with her son. It seemed to her he was more gay, she said. He whistled and sang, now, all the blessed day; and tricked himself up, so that he could never have done. Only just the other day he had bought a great-coat of drugget, in which he had nearly the air of a real counsellor. But she could not find any fault with him for all that; he was so good to her that certainly the good God must reward him;—as for herself, she was in no way of doing it, but could do nothing but pray for him. 'Not that you are to think,' said she, 'that he puts everything into his clothes; he has some money too. If God spares his life, I'll wager that one day he'll come to have a cow:—he has been talking of a goat ever so long; but it's not likely I shall be spared to see it. And, after all, I don't pretend to be sure it will ever be.'

"'Mother,' said Hans one day, 'I don't know how it is; but either the cart gets heavier, or I'm not so strong as I was; for some time I've scarcely been able to manage it. It is getting really too much for me; especially on the Berne road, where there are so many hills.'

"'I dare say,' said the mother; 'aussi, why do you go on loading it more every day? I've been fretting about you many a time; for one always suffers for over-work when one gets old. But you must take care. Put a dozen or two brooms less on it, and it will roll again all right.'

"'That's impossible, mother; I never have enough as it is, and I haven't time to go to Berne twice a week.'

"'But, Hansli, suppose you got a donkey. I've heard say they are the most convenient beasts in the world; they cost almost nothing, eat almost nothing, and anything one likes to give them; and they're as strong as a horse, without counting that one can make something of the milk,—not that I want any, but one may speak of it.'*

"'No, mother,' said Hansli,—'they're as self-willed as devils: sometimes one can't get them to do anything at all; and then what should I do with a donkey the other five days of the week? No, mother;—I was thinking of a wife,—hey, what say you?'

"'But, Hansli, I think a goat or a donkey would be much better. A wife! What sort of idea is that that has come into your head? What would you do with a wife?'

* "C'est seulement pour dire." I've been at least ten minutes trying to translate it, and can't.

"'Do!' said Hansli; 'what other people do, I suppose; and then, I thought she would help me to draw the cart, which goes ever so much better with another hand:—without counting that she could plant potatoes between times, and help me to make my brooms, which I couldn't get a goat or a donkey to do.'

"'But, Hansli, do you think to find one, then, who will help you to draw the cart, and will be clever enough to do all that?' asked the mother searchingly.

"'Oh, mother, there's one who has helped me already often with the cart,' said Hansli, 'and who would be good for a great deal besides; but as to whether she would marry me or not, I don't know, for I haven't asked her. I thought that I would tell you first.'

"'You rogue of a boy, what's that you tell me there? I don't understand a word of it,' cried the mother. 'You too! — are you also like that? The good God himself might have told me, and I wouldn't have believed him. What's that you say? — you've got a girl to help you to pull the cart! A pretty business to engage her for! Ah, well—trust men after this!'

"Thereupon Hansli put himself to recount the history; and how that had happened quite by chance; and how that girl was just expressly

made for him: a girl as neat as a clock,—not showy, not extravagant,—and who would draw the cart better than even a cow could. 'But I haven't spoken to her of anything, however. All the same, I think I'm not disagreeable to her. Indeed, she has said to me once or twice that she wasn't in a hurry to marry; but if she could manage it, so as not to be worse off than she was now, she wouldn't be long making up her mind. She knows, for that matter, very well also why she is in the world. Her little brothers and sisters are growing up after her; and she knows well how things go, and how the youngest are always made the most of, for one never thinks of thanking the elder ones for the trouble they've had in bringing them up.'

"All that didn't much displease the mother. And the more she ruminated over these unexpected matters, the more it all seemed to her very proper. Then she put herself to make inquiries, and learned that nobody knew the least harm of the girl. They told her she did all she could to help her parents; but that with the best they could do, there wouldn't be much to fish for. Ah, well: it's all the better, thought she; for then neither of them can have much to say to the other.

"The next Tuesday, while Hansli was getting his cart ready, his mother said to him,

"'Well, speak to that girl: if she consents, so will I; but I can't run after her. Tell her to come here on Sunday, that I may see her, and at least we can talk a little. If she is willing to be nice, it will all go very well. Aussi, it must happen some time or other, I suppose.'

"'But, mother, it isn't written anywhere that it must happen, whether or no; and if it doesn't suit you, nothing hinders me from leaving it all alone.'

"'Nonsense, child; don't be a goose. Hasten thee to set out; and say to that girl, that if she likes to be my daughter-in-law, I'll take her and be very well pleased.'

"Hansli set out, and found the young girl. Once that they were pulling together, he at his pole, and she at her cord, Hansli put himself to say, "'That certainly goes as quick again when there are thus two cattle at the same cart. Last Saturday I went to Thun by myself, and dragged all the breath out of my body.'

"'Yes, I've often thought,' said the young girl, 'that it was very foolish of you not to get somebody to help you; all the business would go twice as easily, and you would gain twice as much.'

"'What would you have?' said Hansli. 'Sometimes one thinks too soon of a thing,

sometimes too late,—one's always mortal.* But now it really seems to me that I should like to have somebody for a help; if you were of the same mind, you would be just the good thing for me. If that suits you, I'll marry you.'

"'Well, why not,—if you don't think me too ugly nor too poor?' answered the young girl. 'Once you've got me, it will be too late to despise me. As for me, I could scarcely fall in with a better chance. One always gets a husband,—but, aussi, of what sort! You are quite good enough for me: you take care of your affairs, and I don't think you'll treat a wife like a dog.'

"'My faith, she will be as much master as I; if she is not pleased that way, I don't know what more to do,' said Hansli. 'And for other matters, I don't think you'll be worse off with me than you have been at home. If that suits you, come to see us on Sunday. It's my mother who told me to ask you, and to say that if you liked to be her daughter-in-law, she would be very well pleased.'

"'Liked! But what could I want more? I am used to submit myself, and take things as they come,—worse to-day, better to-morrow,—

*"On est toujours homme." The proverb is frequent among the French and Germans. The modesty of it is not altogether easy to an English mind, and would be totally incomprehensible to an ordinary Scotch one.

sometimes more sour, sometimes less. I never have thought that a hard word made a hole in me, else by this time I shouldn't have had a bit of skin left as big as a kreutzer. But all the same, I must tell my people, as the custom is. For the rest, they won't give themselves any trouble about the matter. There are enough of us in the house: if any one likes to go, nobody will stop them.'*

"And, aussi, that was what happened. On Sunday the young girl really appeared at Rychiswyl. Hansli has given her very clear directions; nor had she to ask long before she was told where the broom-seller lived. The mother made her pass a good examination upon the garden and the kitchen; and would know what book of prayers she used, and whether she could read in the New Testament, and also in the Bible, for it was very bad for the children, and it was always they who suffered, if the mother didn't know enough for that, said the old woman. The girl pleased her, and the affair was concluded.

---

* You are to note carefully the conditions of sentiment in family relationships implied both here and in the bride's reference, farther on, to her godmother's children. Poverty, with St. Francis's pardon, is not always holy in its influence: yet a richer girl might have felt exactly the same, without being innocent enough to say so.

"'You won't have a beauty there,' said she to Hansli, before the young girl, 'nor much to crow about, in what she has got. But all that is of no consequence. It isn't beauty that makes the pot boil; and as for money, there's many a man who wouldn't marry a girl unless she was rich, who has had to pay his father-in-law's debts in the end. When one has health, and work in one's arms, one gets along always. I suppose' (turning to the girl) 'you have got two good chemises and two gowns, so that you won't be the same on Sunday and work-days!'

"'Oh, yes,' said the young girl; 'you needn't give yourself any trouble about that. I've one chemise quite new, and two good ones besides, —and four others which, in truth, are rather ragged. But my mother said I should have another; and my father, that he would make me my wedding shoes, and they should cost me nothing. And with that I've a very nice godmother, who is sure to give me something fine; —perhaps a saucepan, or a frying-stove,*—who knows?—without counting that perhaps I shall inherit something from her some day. She has some children, indeed, but they may die.'

"Perfectly satisfied on both sides, but es-

* "Poêle a frire." I don't quite understand the nature of this article.

pecially the girl, to whom Hansli's house, so perfectly kept in order, appeared a palace in comparison with her own home, full of children and scraps of leather, they separated, soon to meet again and quit each other no more. As no soul made the slightest objection, and the preparations were easy,—seeing that new shoes and a new chemise are soon stitched together, —within a month, Hansli was no more alone on his way to Thun. And the old cart went again as well as ever."

## LETTER ON WOMEN'S WORK.

A young lady writing to me the other day to ask what I really wanted girls to do, I answered as follows, requesting her to copy the answer, that it might serve once for all. I print it accordingly, as:

Women's work is,—

I. To please people.
II. To feed them in dainty ways.
III. To clothe them.
IV. To keep them orderly.
V. To teach them.

I. To please.—A woman must be a pleasant creature. Be sure that people like the room

better with you in it than out of it; and take all pains to get the power of sympathy, and the habit of it.

II. Can you cook plain meats and dishes economically and savorly? If not, make it your first business to learn, as you find opportunity. When you can, advise, and personally help any poor woman within your reach who will be glad of help in that matter; always avoiding impertinence or discourtesy of interference. Acquaint yourself with the poor, not as their patroness, but their friend: If then you can modestly recommend a little more water in the pot, or half an hour's more boiling, or a dainty bone they did not know of, you will have been useful indeed.

III. To clothe.—Set aside a quite fixed portion of your time for making strong and pretty articles of dress of the best procurable materials. You may use a sewing machine; but what work is to be done (in order that it may be entirely sound) with finger and thimble, is to be your especial business.

First-rate material, however costly, sound work, and such prettiness as ingenious choice of color and adaption of simple form will admit, are to be your aims. Head-dress may be fan-

tastic, if it be stout, clean, and consistently worn, as a Norman paysanne's cap. And you will be more useful in getting up, ironing, etc., a pretty cap for a poor girl who has not taste or time to do it for herself, than in making flannel petticoats or knitting stockings. But do both, and give—(don't be afraid of giving;—Dorcas wasn't raised from the dead that modern clergymen might call her a fool)—the things you make, to those who verily need them. What sort of persons these *are*, you have to find out. It is a most important part of your work.

IV. To keep them orderly,—primarily clean, tidy, regular in habits.—Begin by keeping *things* in order; soon you will be able to keep people, also.

Early rising—on all grounds, is for yourself indispensable. You must be at work by latest at six in summer and seven in winter. Every day do a little bit of housemaid's work in your own house, thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection in that kind. Your actual housemaid will then follow your lead, if there's an atom of woman's spirit in her—(if not, ask your mother to get another).

If you have a garden, spend all spare minutes in it in actual gardening. If not, get leave to take part of some friend's, a poor person's, but

always out of doors. Have nothing to do with greenhouses, still less with hothouses.

When there are no flowers to be looked after, there are dead leaves to be gathered, snow to be swept, or matting to be nailed, and the like.

V. Teach—yourself first—to read with attention, and to remember with affection, what deserves both, and nothing else. Never read borrowed books. To be without books of your own is the abyss of penury. Don't endure it. And when you've to buy them, you'll think whether they're worth reading; which you had better, on all accounts.

## THE MADONNA.

Of the sentiments, which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that reverence for womanhood which, even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

There has probably not been an innocent cottage home, throughout the length and breadth

of Europe, during the whole period of vital Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and Holy is His name." What we are about to substitute for such magnifying in our modern wisdom, let the reader judge from some slight things that chanced to be noticed by me in my walk round Paris. I generally go first to Our Lady's Church, for though the towers and most part of the walls are now merely the modern model of the original building, much of the portal sculpture is still genuine, and especially the greater part of the lower arcades of the north-west door, where the common entrance is. I always held these such valuable pieces of the thirteenth century work that I had them cast, in mass, some years ago, brought away the casts, eight feet high by twelve wide, and gave them to the Architectural Museum. So as I was examining these, and laboriously gleaning what was left of the old work among M. Violet le Duc's fine fresh heads of animals and points of leaves, I saw a brass plate in the back of one of the niches, where the improperly mag-

nified saints used to be. At first I thought it was over one of the usual almsboxes, which have a right to be at church entrances (if anywhere); but catching sight of an English word or two on it, I stopped to read, and read to the following effect:—

"F. du Larin
office
of the
Victoria Pleasure Trips
And Excursions to Versailles.
Excursions to the Battle-fields round Paris."

FRANKNESS.

Frankness, the source of joy, and courtesy and civility, and passing softness of human meeting of kindly glance with glance. Of which Franchise, in her own spirit Person, here is the picture for you, from the French Romance of the Rose,—a picture which English Chaucer was thankful to copy.

"And after all those others came Franchise,
Who was not brown, nor gray,
But she was white as snow.
And she had not the nose of an Orleanois.
Aussi had she the nose long and straight,
Eyes green, and laughing—vaulted eyebrows;
She had her hair blond and long,

And she was simple as a dove.
The body she had sweet, and brightly bred;
And she dared not do, nor say
To any one, anything she ought not.
And if she knew of any man
Who was in sorrow for love of her,
So soon she had great pity for him,
For she had the heart so pitiful
And so sweet and so lovely,
That no one suffered pain about her,
But she would help him all she could.
And she wore a surquanye
Which was of no coarse cloth;
There's none so rich as far as Arras,
And it was so gathered up and so joined together,
That there was not a single point of it
Which was not set in its exact place, rightly.
Much well was dressed Franchise,
For no robe is so pretty
As the surquanye for a demoiselle.
A girl is more gentle and more darling
In surquanye than in coat.
And the white surquanye
Signifies that sweet and frank
Is she who puts it on her."

May I ask you now to take to heart those two lines of this French description of Frenchness.

"And she dared not do or say
To any one, anything she ought not."

That is not your modern notion of Frenchness, or franchise, or libertas, or liberty—for all

these are synonyms for the same virtue. And yet the strange thing is that the lowest types of the modern French grisette are the precise corruption of this beautiful Franchise: and still retain, at their worst, some of the grand old qualities; the absolute sources of corruption being the neglect of their childhood by the upper classes, the abandonment of their own resource, and the development therefore of "Liberty and Independence," in your beautiful English, *not* French, sense.

"Livrée à elle-même depuis l'âge de treizes ans, habituée à ne compter que sur elle seule, elle avait de la vie une expérience dont j'étais confondue. De ce Paris, où elle était née, elle savait tout, elle connaissait tout.

"Je n'avais pas idée d'une si complète absence de sens moral, d'une si inconsciente dépravation, d'une impudeur si effrontément naïve.

"La règle de sa conduite, c'était sa fantaisie, son instinct, le caprice du moment.

"Elle aimait les longues stations dans les cafés, les mélodrames entremêlés de chopes et d'oranges pendant les entr'actes, les parties de canot à Asnières, et surtout, et avant tout, le bal."

LARGESSE OR GENEROSITY.

"And after, in the dance, went
Largesse, that set all her intent
For to be honorable and free.
Of Alexander's kin was she;
Her mostë joy was, I wis,
When that she gave, and said, 'have this.'
Not Avarice, the foul caitiff,
Was half, to gripe, so ententive,
As Largesse is to give, and spend.
And God always enough her send (sent),
So that the more she gave away,
The more, I wis, she had alway.

"Largesse had on a robe of fresh
Of rich purpure, sarlinish;
Well formed was her face, and clear,
And open had she her colore (collar),
For she right then had in present
Of a gold brooch, full well wrought;
And certes, it mis-set her nought."

GIOTTO'S "POVERTY."

Ladies mine, you observe; it is your duty to be lovely, not by candlelight, but sunshine; not out of a window or opera-box, but on the bare ground.

I have just been drawing, or trying to draw, Giotto's "Poverty" (Sancta Paupertas) at As-

sisi. You may very likely know the chief symbolism of the picture: that Poverty is being married to St. Francis, and that Christ marries them, while her bare feet are entangled in thorns, but behind her head is a thicket of rose and lily. It is less likely you should be acquainted with the further details of the group.

The thorns are of the acacia, which, according to tradition, was used to weave Christ's crown. The roses are in two clusters,—palest red and deep crimson; the one on her right, the other on her left; above her head, pure white on the golden ground, rise the Annunciation Lilies. She is not crowned with them, observe; they are behind her: she is crowned only with her own hair, wreathed in a tress with which she has bound her short bridal veil. For dress, she has one only—one only; and *that* torn, and torn again, and patched diligently; except just at the shoulders, and a little below the throat, where Giotto has torn it too late for her to mend; and the fair flesh is seen through,—so white that one cannot tell where the rents are, except when quite close.

For girdle, she has the Franciscan's cord; but that also is white, as if spun of silk; her whole figure like a statue of snow, seen against the shade of her purple wings: for she is already one of the angels. A crowd of them on each side

attend her; two, her sisters, are her bridesmaids also. Giotto has written their names above them—SPES; KARITAS;—their sister's Christian name he has written in the lilies, for those of us who have truly learned to read. Charity is *crowned* with white roses, which burst, as they open, into flames; and she gives the bride a marriage gift.

"An apple," say the interpreters.

Not so. It was some one else than Charity who gave the first bride *that* gift. It is a heart.

And the bride has hers also, so restricted: nor, though she and her bridesmaids are sisters, are they dressed alike; but one in red, and one in green; and one, robe, flesh and spirit, a statue of snow.

"La terza parea neve, teste mossa."

Do you know now, any of you, ladies mine, what Giotto's lilies mean between the roses? or how they may also grow among the Sesame of knightly spears?

You probably think St. George may advise some different arrangements in Hanover Square? It is possible; for his own knight's cloak is white, and he may wish you to bear such celestial appearance constantly. You talk often of bearing Christ's cross; do you never think of putting on Christ's robes,—those that He wore

on Taber? nor know what lamps they were which the wise virgins trimmed for the marriage feast?

Suppose, learning what it is to be generous, you recover your descent from God, and then weave your household dresses white with your own figures? For as no fuller on earth can white them, but the light of a living faith,—so no demon under the earth can darken them like the shadow of a dead one. And your modern English "faith without works" *is* dead.

---

### THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

I wrote a letter to one of my lady friends, who gives rather frequent dinners, the other day, which may perhaps be useful to others: it was to this effect mainly, though I add and alter a little to make it more general:—

"You probably will be having a dinner-party to-day; now, please do this, and remember I am quire serious in what I ask you. We all of us, who have any belief in Christianity at all, wish that Christ were alive now. Suppose, then, that He is. I think it very likely that if He were in London, you would be one of the people whom He would take some notice of. Now, suppose He has sent you word that He is coming to

dine with you to-day; but that you are not to make any change in your guests on His account; that He wants to meet exactly the party you have, and no other. Suppose you have just received this message, and that St. John has also left word, in passing, with the butler, that his Master will come alone; so that you won't have any trouble with the Apostles. Now, this is what I want you to do. First, determine what you will have for dinner. You are not ordered, observe, to make no changes in your bill of fare. Take a piece of paper, and absolutely *write* fresh orders to your cook,—you can't realize the thing enough without writing. That done, consider how you will arrange your guests—who is to sit next Christ on the other side—who opposite, and so on; finally, consider a little what you will talk about, supposing, which is just possible, that Christ should tell you to go on talking as if He were not there, and never to mind *Him.* You couldn't, you will tell me? Then, my dear lady, how can you in general? Don't you profess—nay, don't you much more than profess—to believe that Christ *is* always there, whether you see Him or not? Why should the seeing make such a difference?"

### PLANT-PETS.

You have no ground of your own; you are a girl, and can't work on other people's? At least you have a window of your own, or one in which you have a part interest. With very little help from the carpenter, you can arrange a safe box outside of it, that will hold earth enough to root something in. If you have any favor from Fortune at all, you can train a rose, or a honeysuckle, or a convolvulus, or a nasturtium, round your window—a quiet branch of ivy—or if for the sake of its leaves only, a tendril or two of vine. Only, be sure all your plant-pets are kept well outside of the window. Don't come to having pots in the room, unless you are sick.

### A BIT OF LOVE IN "REDGAUNTLET."

You are left, by the grave cunning of the divine art, which reveals to you no secret without your own labor, to discern and unveil for yourself the meaning of the plot of Redgauntlet.

You perhaps were dissatisfied enough with the plot, when you read it for amusement. Such a childish fuss about nothing! Solway Sands, forsooth, the only scenery; and your young hero

of the story frightened to wet his feet; and your old hero doing nothing but ride a black horse, and make himself disagreeable; and all that about the house in Edinburgh so dull; and no love-making, to speak of, anywhere!

By the way, I beg you to observe that there is a bit of love in Redgauntlet which is worth any quantity of modern French or English amatory novels in a heap. Alan Fairford has been bred, and willingly bred, in the strictest discipline of mind and conduct; he is an entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure young Scotchman, —and a lawyer. Scott, when he wrote the book, was an old Scotchman; and had seen a good deal of the world. And he is going to tell you how Love ought first to come to an entirely strong, entirely prudent, entirely pure youth, of his own grave profession.

How love *ought* to come, mind you. Alan Fairford is the real hero (next to Nanty Ewart) of the novel; and he is the exemplary and happy hero—Nanty being the suffering one, under hand of Fate.

Of course, you would say, if you didn't know the book, and were asked what should happen —(and with Miss Edgeworth to manage matters instead of Scott, or Shakespeare, nothing else *would* have happened)—of course, the entirely prudent young lawyer will consider what an im-

portant step in life marriage is; and will look out for a young person of good connections, whose qualities of mind and moral disposition he will examine strictly before allowing his affections to be engaged; he will then consider what income is necessary for a person in a high legal position, etc., etc., etc.

Well, this is what *does* happen, according to Scott, you know;—(or more likely, I'm afraid, know nothing about it). The old servant of the family announces, with some dryness of manner, one day, that a "leddy" wants to see Maister Alan Fairford,—for legal consultation. The prudent young gentleman, upon this, puts his room into the most impressive order, intending to make a first appearance reading a legal volume, in an abstracted state of mind. But, on a knock coming at the street door, he can't resist going to look out at the window; and—the servant maliciously showing in the client without announcement—is discovered peeping out of it. The client is closely veiled—little more than the tip of her nose discernible. She is, fortunately, a little embarrassed herself; for she did not want Mr. Alan Fairford at all, but Mr. Alan Fairford's father. They sit looking at each other—at least, he looking at the veil and a green silk cloak—for half a minute. The young lady—(for she *is* young; he has made out that, he admits; and

something more perhaps)—is the first to recover her presence of mind; makes him a pretty little apology for having mistaken him for his father; says that, now she has done it, he will answer her purpose, perhaps, even better; but she thinks it best to communicate the points on which she requires his assistance, in writing,—curtsies him, on his endeavor to remonstrate, gravely and inexorably into silence,—disappears,—"And put the sun in her pocket, I believe," as she turned the corner, says prudent Mr. Alan. And keeps it in her pocket for him,—evermore. That is the way one's Love is sent, when she is sent from Heaven, says the aged Scott.

"But how ridiculous,—how entirely unreasonable,—how unjustifiable, on any grounds of propriety or common sense!"

Certainly,—certainly: Shakespeare and Scott can't help that;—all they know is,—that is the way God and Nature manage it. Of course, Rosalind ought to have been much more particular in her inquiries about Orlando;—Juliet about the person masked as a pilgrim;—and there is really no excuse whatever for Desdemona's conduct; and we all know what came of it;—but, again I say, Shakespeare and Scott can't help that.

### LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY ON DRESS.

The following bit of a private letter to a good girl belonging to the upper classes may be generally useful.

"*January*, 1874.

"Now mind you dress always charmingly; it is the first duty of a girl to be charming, and she cannot be charming if she is not charmingly dressed.

"And it is quite the first of firsts in the duties of girls in high position, nowadays, to set an example of beautiful dress without extravagance, —that is to say, without waste or unnecessary splendor.

"On great occasions they may be a blaze of jewels, if they like, and can; but only when they are part of a great show or ceremony. In their daily life and ordinary social relations, they ought *at present* to dress with marked simplicity, to put down the curses of luxury and waste which are consuming England.

"Women usually apologize to themselves for their pride and vanity by saying, 'It is good for trade.'

"Now you may soon convince yourself, and everybody about you, of the monstrous folly of this, by a very simple piece of definite action.

"Wear, yourself, becoming, pleasantly varied, but simple dress, of the best possible material.

"What you think necessary to buy (beyond this) 'for the good of trade,' buy and immediately *burn.*

"Even your dullest friends will see the folly of that proceeding. You can then explain to them that by wearing what they don't want (instead of burning it) for the good of trade, they are merely adding insolence and vulgarity to absurdity."

---

### THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

By the Word, or Voice, or Breath, or Spirit, the heavens and earth, and all the host of them, were made; and in it they exist. It is life; and speaks to you always, so long as you live nobly; —dies out of you as you refuse to obey it; leaves you to hear, and be slain by, the "word of an evil spirit," instead of it.

It may come to you in books,—come to you in clouds,—come to you in the voices of men,—come to you in the stillness of deserts. You must be strong in evil, if you have quenched it wholly;—very desolate in this Christian land, if you have never heard it at all.

### ADVENT TEACHING.

It is to-day, the second Sunday in Advent, and all over England, about the time that I write these words, full congregations will be for the second time saying Amen to the opening collect of the Christian year.

I wonder how many individuals of the enlightened public understand a single word of its first clause:

> "Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life."

How many of them, may it be supposed, have any clear knowledge of what grace is, or of what the works of darkness are which they hope to have grace to cast away; or will feel themselves, in the coming year, armed with any more luminous mail than their customary coats and gowns, hosen and hats? Or again, when they are told to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them,"—what fellowship do they recognize themselves to have guiltily formed; and whom, or what, will they feel now called upon to reprove?

Suppose you let the consenting bystander*

* St. Paul.

who took care of the coats taken off to do that piece of work on St. Stephen, explain to you the pieces out of St. Michael's armory needful to the husbandman, or Georgos, of God's garden.

"Stand therefore; having your loins girt about with Truth."

That means, that the strength of your backbone depends on your meaning to do true battle.

"And having on the breastplate of Justice."

That means, there are to be no partialities in your heart of anger or pity;—but you must only in justice kill, and only in justice keep alive.

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of Peace."

That means that where your foot pauses, moves, or enters, there shall be peace; and where you can only shake the dust of it on the threshold, mourning.

"Above all, take the shield of Faith."

Of fidelity or obedience to your captain, showing his bearings argent, a cross gules; your safety, and all the army's, being first in the obedience of faith: and all casting of spears vain against such guarded phalanx.

"And take the helmet of Salvation."

Elsewhere, the *hope* of salvation, that being the defence of your intellect against base and sad thoughts, as the shield of fidelity is the de-

fence of your heart against burning and consuming passions.

"And the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

And now finish your Advent collect, and eat your Christmas fare, and drink your Christmas wine, thankfully; and with understanding that if the supper is holy which shows your Lord's death till He come, the dinner is also holy which shows His life. Eat your meat, and carol your carol in pure gladness and singleness of heart; and so gird up your loins with truth, that, in the year to come, you may do such work as Christ can praise, whether He call you to judgment from the quick or dead; so that among your Christmas carols there may never any more be wanting the joyfulest—

O sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Say among the heathen that the Lord is King:
The world also shall be stablished that it shall not be moved.
Let the heavens rejoice,
And let the earth be glad;
Let the sea shout, and the fulness thereof.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice
Before the Lord:

For He cometh, for He cometh to JUDGE THE EARTH:
HE SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS,
AND THE PEOPLE WITH HIS TRUTH.

---

### OUR DIVINE KING.

Whatever chemical or anatomical facts may appear, to our present scientific intelligences, inconsistent with the Life of God, the historical fact is that no happiness nor power has ever been attained by human creatures, unless in that thirst for the presence of the Divine King; and that nothing but weakness, misery, and death has ever resulted from the desire to destroy their King, and to have thieves and murderers released to them instead. Also this fact is historically certain,—that the Life of God is not to be discovered by reasoning, but by obeying; that on doing what is plainly ordered, the wisdom and presence of the Orderer become manifest; that only so His way can be known on earth, and His saving health among all nations; and that on disobedience always follows darkness, the forerunner of death.

### COROLLARY ON THE EIGHTH PSALM.

And now, for corollary on the eighth Psalm, read the first and second of Hebrews, and to the twelfth verse of the third, slowly; fitting the verse of the psalm—"lunam et stellas quæ tu fundâsti," with "Thou, Lord, in the beginning, hast laid the foundations of the earth;" and then noting how the subjection, which is merely of the lower creatures, in the psalm, becomes the subjection of all things, and at last of death itself, in the victory foretold to those who are faithful to their Captain, made perfect through sufferings; their faith, observe, consisting primarily in closer and more constant obedience than the Mosaic law required,—"For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received its just recompense of reward, how shall *we* escape, if we neglect so great salvation!" The full argument is: "Moses, with but a little salvation, saved you from earthly bondage, and brought you to an earthly land of life; Christ, with a great salvation, saves you from soul bondage, and brings you to an eternal land of life; but, if he who despised the little salvation, and its lax law (left lax because of the hardness of your hearts), died without mercy, how shall we escape, if now, with hearts of flesh, we despise

so great salvation, refuse the Eternal Land of Promise, and break the stricter and relaxless law of Christian desert-pilgrimage?" And if these threatenings and promises still remain obscure to us, it is only because we have resolutely refused to obey the orders which were not obscure, and quenched the Spirit which was already given. How far the world around us may be yet beyond our control, only because a curse has been brought upon it by our sloth and infidelity, none of us can tell.

---

UNE PAIRE DE GANTS.

I find the following lovely little scene translated into French from the Dutch, in a valuable little periodical for ladies, " l'Espérance," of Geneva, in which the entirely good purpose of the editor will, I doubt not, do wide service in spite of her adoption of the popular error of the desirability of feminine independence.

---

" A PROPOS D'UNE PAIRE DE GANTS.

" ' Qu'y a-t-il Elise?' dit Madame, en se tournant du côté d'une fenêtre ouverte, où elle entend quelque bruit. ' Oh! moins que rien,

maman!' répond sa fille aînée en train de faire la toilette des cadets, pour la promenade et le concert. 'Ce que c'est, maman?' crie un des petits garçons, 'c'est que Lolotte ne veut pas mettre des gants.' 'Elle dit qu'elle a assez chaud sans cela, reprend un autre, et qu'elle ne trouve pas même joli d'avoir des gants.' Et chacun de rire. Un des rapporteurs continue: 'Elise veut qu'elle le fasse par convenance; mais Lolotte prétend que la peau humaine est plus convenable qu'une peau de rat.' Cette boutade excite de nouveau l'hilarité de la compagnie. 'Quelle idée, Lolotte,' dit son père d'un ton enjoué: 'montre-toi donc!'

"Apparemment Lolotte n'est pas d'humeur à obéir; mais les garçons ne lui laissent pas le choix et la poussent en avant. La voilà donc, notre héroïne. C'est une fillette d'environ quatorze ans, dont les yeux pétillent d'esprit et de vie; on voit qu'elle aime à user largement de la liberté que lui laisse encore son âge, pour dire son opinion sur tout ce qui lui passe par la tête sans conséquence aucune. Mais bien qu'elle soit forte dans son opinion *anti-gantière*, l'enfant est tant soit peu confuse, et ne paraît pas portée à défendre sa cause en présence d'un étranger. 'Quoi donc,' lui dit son père, en la prenant par la taille, 'tu ne veux pas porter des gants parce qu'ils sont faits de peaux de rats!

Je ne te croyais pas si folle. Le rat est mort et oublié depuis longtemps, et sa peau est glacée.'—'Non, papa, ce n'est pas çà.'—'Qu'est-ce donc, mon enfant? Tu est trop grande fille pour ces manières sans façon. Ne veux-tu pas être une demoiselle comme il faut.' 'Et ces petites mains qui touchent si bien du piano,' reprend le visiteur, désireux de faire oublier la gêne que cause sa présence, par un mot gracieux. 'Ne veux-tu pas plûtot renoncer à la musique, et devenir sarcleuse?' lui demande son père.—'Non, papa, point du tout. Je ne puis pas dire au juste ma pensée. . . .' Et elle se dégagea doucement de ses bras; et en se sauvant, grommela: 'Mort aux gants, et vive la civilisation!' On rit encore un peu de l'enfant bizarre; puis on parle d'autres choses, et l'on se prépare pour la promenade. Lolotte a mis les gants en question, 'pour plaire à maman,' et personne ne s'en occupe plus.

"Mais l'étranger avait saisi au passage sa dernière phrase, qui sans cesse, lui revenait à l'esprit. Se reprochait-il devant cette enfant naïve sa complicité à l'interprétation futile que son hôte avait donnée de *la civilisation?* Tant est, que pendant le cours de la soirée se trouvant un moment en tête-à-tête avec Lolotte, il revint à l'histoire de gants. Il tâcha de rèparer sa gaucherie et fit si bien, qu'il gagna la con-

fiance de la petite. 'Sans doute, j'en conviens, dit-il, il faut plus pour être civilisé que de porter des gants, mais il faut se soumettre à certaines convenances que les gens comme il faut. . . .' 'C'est ça, Monsieur, dit-elle, en lui coupant la parole, quelle est donc la chance des gens qui voudraient se civiliser, mais qui n'ont pas d'argent pour acheter des gants?' C'était-là sa peine. 'Chère enfant!' dit-il tout bas. Et l'homme, si éloquent d'ordinaire, pressa la petite main sous le gant obligatoire, parce que pour le moment les paroles lui manquaient pour répondre. . . . Est-ce étonnant que, malgré lui, plus tard, en s'occupant de la question sociale, il pensa souvent à cette jeune fille?

"Et vous, lecteurs, que pensez-vous d'elle et de sa question gantière? Vous paraît-elle un enfantillage, ou bien la considérez-vous tout bonnement comme une exagération? Vous attachez-vous à la surface, on bien y cherchez-vous un sens plus profond, comme l'ami visiteur? Ne croyez-vous pas aussi que dans ce temps de 'besoins multipliés,' un des plus grands services que les classes supérieures puissent rendre au peuple, serait de faire distinction entre tous ces besoins et de prêcher d'exemple?"

LADY JANE GREY.

I am afraid, if it were left to me at present to institute, without help from kinder counsellors, the education of the younger children on St. George's estate, the methods of the old woman who lived in a shoe would be the first that occurred to me as likely to conduce most directly to their future worth and felicity.

And I chanced, as Fors would have it, to fall, but last week, on an instance of the use of extreme severity in education, which cannot but commend itself to the acceptance of every well-informed English gentlewoman. All well-informed English gentlewomen, and gentlemaidens, have faithful respect for the memory of Lady Jane Grey.

But I never myself, until the minute when I opened that book, could at all understand Lady Jane Grey. I have seen a great deal, thank Heaven, of good, and prudent, and clever girls; but not among the very best and wisest of them did I ever find the slightest inclination to stop indoors to read Plato, when all their people were in the park. On the contrary, if any approach to such disposition manifested itself, I found it was always, either because the scholastic young person thought that somebody might possibly call, suppose—myself, the Roger Ascham of her

time,—or suppose somebody else—who would prevent her, that day, from reading "piu avanti," or because the author who engaged her attention, so far from being Plato himself, was, in many essential particulars, anti-Platonic. And the more I thought of Lady Jane Grey, the more she puzzled me.

Wherefore, opening, among my unexamined books, Roger Ascham's Scholemaster, printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate, An. 1571, just at the page where he gives the original account of the thing as it happened, I stopped in my unpacking to decipher the black letter of it with attention.

Thus far, I have given you nothing new, or even freshly old. All this we have heard of the young lady a hundred times over. But next to this comes something which I fancy will be unexpected by most of my readers; for the fashion of all literary students, catering for the public, has hitherto been to pick out of their author whatever bits they thought likely to be acceptable to Demos, and to keep everything of suspicious taste out of his dish of hashed hare.

In accordance with which popular principle of natural selection, the historians of Lady Jane's life, finding this first opening of the scene at Brodegate so entirely charming, and graceful, and virtuous, and moral, and ducal, and large-

landed-estate-ish—without there being the slightest suggestion in it of any principle to which anybody could possibly object,—pounce upon it as a flawless gem; and clearing from it all the objectionable matrix, with delicate skill, set it forth—changed about from one to another of the finest cases of velvet eloquence to be got up for money.

I adjure you, gentle reader (if you are such, and therefore capable of receiving adjuration)—in the name of St. George and all saints,—of Edward III. and all knights,—of Alice of Salisbury and all stainless wives, and of Jeanne of France and all stainless maids, that you put at once out of your mind, under penalty of sharpest Honte Ban, all such thought as would first suggest itself to the modern novel writer, and novel reader, concerning this matter,—namely, that the young girl is in love with her tutor. She loves him rightly, as all good and noble boys and girls necessarily love good masters,—and no otherwise;—is grateful to him rightly, and no otherwise;—happy with him and her book—rightly and no otherwise.

And that her father and mother, with whatever leaven of human selfishness, or impetuous disgrace in the manner and violence of their dealing with her, did, nevertheless, compel their child to do all things that she did,—rightly, and

no otherwise, was, verily, though at that age she knew it but in part,—the literally crowning and guiding mercy of her life,—the plaited thorn upon the brow, and rooted thorn around the feet, which are the tribute of Earth to the Princesses of Heaven.

### DEFINITION OF AN ARTIST.

For all the arts of mankind and womankind are only rightly learned, or practised, when they are so with the definite purpose of pleasing or teaching others. A child dancing for its own delight,—a lamb leaping,—or a fawn at play, are happy and holy creatures; but they are not artists. An artist is—and recollect this definition (put in capitals for quick reference),—A PERSON WHO HAS SUBMITTED TO A LAW WHICH IT WAS PAINFUL TO OBEY, THAT HE MAY BESTOW A DELIGHT WHICH IT IS GRACIOUS TO BESTOW.

### YOUNG UNMARRIED WOMEN.

While I have shown in all former writings that I hold the power of such to be the greatest, because the purest, of all social ones, I must as definitely now warn them against any manifesta-

tion of feeling or principle tending to break the unity of their home circles. They are bound to receive their father's friends as their own, and to comply, in all sweet and subjected ways, with the wishes and habits of their parents; remaining calmly certain that the law of God, for them, is that while they remain at home they shall be spirits of peace and humility beneath its roof. In all rightly ordered households, the confidence between the parent and child is such that in the event of a parent's wish becoming contrary to a child's feeling of its general duty, there would be no fear or discomfort on the child's part in expressing its thoughts. The moment these are necessarily repressed, there is wrong somewhere; and in houses ordered according to the ways of modern fashionable life, there *must* be wrong, often and everywhere. But the main curse of modern society is that, beginning by training its youth to be "independent" and disobedient, this carefully cultivated independence shows itself, of course, by rejecting whatever is noble and honorable in their father's houses, and never by healing or atoning what is faultful.

Therefore, they require first the graces of gentleness and humility; nor, on the whole, much independent action of any kind; but only the quiet resolve to find out what is absolutely right,

and so far as it may be kindly and inoffensively practised, to fulfil it at home; and so far as it may be modestly and decorously uttered, to express the same abroad. And a well-bred young lady has always personal power enough of favor and discouragement, among persons of her own age, to satisfy the extremest demands of conscience in this direction.

### A WIFE'S NOTION.

A man shouldn't vex his wife, if he can help it; but why will she be vexed? If she is a nice English girl, she has pretty surely been repeating to herself, with great unction, for some years back, that highly popular verse,—

> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Will give us all we ought to ask,—
> Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To bring us daily nearer God."

Women have so long been in the habit of using pretty words without ever troubling themselves to understand them, that they now revolt from the effort, as if it were an impiety. So far as she had any meaning at all, it was that until she was made an angel of, and had nothing to do but be happy,—dressing herself and her children becomingly, and leaving cards on her acquaintances,

were sufficiently acceptable services to him, for which, trivial though they were, he would reward her with immediate dinner and everlasting glory. That was your wife's real notion of the matter, and modern Christian women's generally, so far as they have got any notions at all under their bonnets and the skins of the dead robins they have stuck in them.

---

### ST. GEORGE'S ORDERS TO A SCHOOL-GIRL.

The rules of St. George's Company are none other than those which at your baptism your godfather and godmother promised to see that you should obey—namely, the rules of conduct given to all his disciples by Christ, so far as, according to your ages, you can understand or practise them.

St. George's first order to you, supposing you were put under his charge, would be that you should always, in whatever you do, endeavor to please Christ (and *He* is quite easily pleased if you try); but in attempting this, you will instantly find yourself likely to displease many of your friends or relations; and St. George's second order to you is that in whatever you do, you consider what is kind and dutiful to them also, and that you hold it for a sure rule that no manner

of disobedience to your parents, or of disrespect and presumption toward your friends, can be pleasing to God. You must therefore be doubly submissive; first in your own will and purpose to the law of Christ; then in the carrying out of your purpose, to the pleasure and orders of the persons whom He has given you for superiors. And you are not to submit to them sullenly, but joyfully and heartily, keeping nevertheless your own purpose clear, so soon as it becomes proper for you to carry it out.

Under these conditions, here are a few orders for you to begin with:

1st. Keep absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking and disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand: and the more it is like to provoke you, thank Him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you,—whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The *one* thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind is at this time of your youth crystallizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

2d. Say to yourselves every morning, just after your prayers: "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." That is exactly and completely true: meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ to take care of for you. Then if He doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets, but you may perhaps break your favorite teacup, or lose your favorite thimble, and might be vexed about it, but for this second St. George's precept.

3d. What, after this surrender, you find intrusted to you, take extreme care of, and make as useful as possible. The greater part of all they have is usually given to grown-up people by Christ, merely that they may give it away again: but school-girls, for the most part, are likely to have little more than what is needed for themselves: of which, whether books, dresses, or pretty room furniture, you are to take extreme care, looking on yourself, indeed, practically, as a little housemaid set to keep Christ's books and room in order, and not as yourself the mistress of anything.

4th. Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you: but in bright colors (if they become you),

and in the best materials,—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion: but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation) as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers.

5th. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection: but let this good dressmaker be a poor person, living in the country; not a rich person living in a large house in London.

6th. Learn dressmaking yourself, with pains and time; and use a part of every day in needlework, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show

them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful; and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see that you never try to dress above yours, they will not try to dress above theirs.

7th. Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it—the slightest word, wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh. Play actively and gayly; and cherish, without straining, the natural powers of jest in others and yourselves; —remembering all the while that your hand is every instant on the helm of the ship of your life, and that the Master, on the far shore of Araby the blest, looks for its sail on the horizon,—to its hour.

"God made you a lady?" Yes, he has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will

obtain the power of becoming a true "lady;" and you will become one, if while you learn these things you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

All education must be moral first; intellectual secondarily. Intellectual, before—(much more without)—moral education, is, in completeness, impossible; and in incompleteness, a calamity.

Moral education begins in making the creature to be educated, clean, and obedient. This must be done thoroughly, and at any cost, and with any kind of compulsion rendered necessary by the nature of the animal, be it dog, child, or man.

Moral education consists next in making the creature practically serviceable to other creatures, according to the nature and extent of its own capacities; taking care that these be healthily developed in such service. It may be a question how long, and to what extent, boys and girls of fine race may be allowed to run in the paddock before they are broken; but assuredly the sooner they are put to such work as they are able for, the better. Moral education is summed when the creature has been made to do its work with delight, and thoroughly: but

this cannot be until some degree of intellectual education has been given also.

Intellectual education consists in giving the creature the faculties of admiration, hope, and love.

These are to be taught by the study of beautiful Nature; the sight and history of noble persons; and the setting forth of noble objects of action.

Since all noble persons hitherto existent in the world have trusted in the government of it by a supreme Spirit, and in that trust, or faith, have performed all their great actions, the history of these persons will finally mean the history of their faith; and the sum of intellectual education will be the separation of what is inhuman in such faiths, and therefore perishing, from what is human, and, for human creatures, eternally true.

The children are told to give up all they have, and never to be vexed. That is the first rule of St. George, as applied to children,—to hold their childish things for God, and never to mind losing anything.

---

### CHRIST'S LAW CONCERNING PROPERTY.

But the parents and guardians are not yet, it seems to me, well aware that St. George's law

is the same for grown-up people as for little ones. To hold all they have,—all their grown-up things,—for God, and never to mind losing anything—silver or gold, house or lands, son or daughter;—law seldom so much as even attempted to be observed! And, indeed, circumstances have chanced, since I wrote that Fors, which have caused me to consider much how curious it is that when good people lose their own son or daughter, even though they have reason to think God has found what they have lost, they are greatly vexed about it; but if they only hear of other people's losing *their* sons or daughters,—though they have reason to think God has *not* found them, but that the wild beasts of the wilderness have torn them,—for such loss they are usually not vexed in anywise. To-day, nevertheless, I am not concerned with the stewardship of these spirit-treasures, but only with the stewardship of money or lands, and proper manner of holding such by Christians. For it is important that the accepted Companions should now understand that although, in *creed*, I ask only so much consent as may include Christian, Jew, Turk, and Greek,—in *conduct*, the Society is to be regulated at *least* by the law of Christ. It may be, that as we fix our laws in further detail, we may add some of the heavier yokes of Lycurgus, or Numa, or John the Baptist: and,

though the Son of man came eating and drinking, and turning water into wine, we may think it needful to try how some of us like living on locusts, or wild honey, or Spartan broth. But at least, I repeat, we are here, in England, to obey the law of Christ, if nothing more.

Now the law of Christ about money and other forms of personal wealth, is taught, first in parables, in which He likens himself to the masters of this world, and explains the conduct which Christians should hold to Him, their heavenly Master, by that which they hold on earth to earthly ones.

He likens himself, in these stories, several times, to unkind or unjust masters, and especially to hard and usurious ones. And the gist of the parables in each case is, "If ye do so, and are thus faithful to hard and cruel masters in earthly things, how much more should ye be faithful to a merciful Master in heavenly things?"

Which argument, evil-minded men wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction. And instead of reading, for instance, in the parable of the Usurer, the intended lesson of industry in the employment of God's gifts, they read in it a justification of the crime which, in other parts of the same scripture, is directly forbidden. And there is indeed no

doubt that, if the other prophetic parts of the Bible be true, these stories are so worded that they *may* be touchstones of the heart. They are nets which sift the kindly reader from the selfish. The parable of the Usurer is like a mill sieve: the fine flour falls through it, bolted finer; the chaff sticks in it.

Therefore, the only way to understand these difficult parts of the Bible, or even to approach them with safety, is first to read and obey the easy ones. Then the difficult ones all become beautiful and clear—otherwise they remain venomous enigmas, with a Sphinx of destruction provoking false souls to read them, and ruining them in their own replies.

## FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

I had driven from Brantwood in early morning down the valley of the Crake, and took train first at the Ulverston station, settling myself in the corner of a carriage next the sea, for better prospect thereof. In the other corner was a respectable, stolid, middle-aged man reading his paper.

I had left my Coniston lake in dashing ripples under a south wind, thick with rain; but the tide lay smooth and silent along the sands;

melancholy in absolute pause of motion, nor ebb nor flow distinguishable;—here and there, among the shelves of gray shore, a little ruffling of their apparent pools marked stray threadings of river-current.

At Grange, talking loud, got in two young coxcombs; who reclined themselves on the opposite cushions. One had a thin stick, with which, in a kind of St. Vitus's dance, partly affectation of nonchalance, partly real fever produced by the intolerable idleness of his mind and body, he rapped on the elbow of his seat, poked at the button-holes of the window strap, and switched his boots, or the air, all the way from Grange to the last station before Carnforth, —he and his friend talking yacht and regatta, listlessly;—the St. Vitus's, meantime, dancing one expressing his opinion that "the most dangerous thing to do on these lakes was going before the wind." The respectable man went on reading his paper, without notice of them. None of the three ever looked out of the windows at sea or shore. There was not much to look at, indeed, through the driving, and gradually closer-driven, rain,—except the drifting about of the seagulls, and their quiet dropping into the pools, their wings kept open for an instant till their breasts felt the water well; then closing

their petals of white light, like suddenly shut water flowers.

The two regatta men got out, in drenching rain, on the coverless platform at the station before Carnforth, and all the rest of us at Carnforth itself, to wait for the up train. The shed on the up-line side, even there, is small, in which a crowd of third-class passengers were packed close by the outside drip. I did not see one, out of some twenty-five or thirty persons, tidily dressed, nor one with a contented and serenely patient look. Lines of care, of mean hardship, of comfortless submission, of gnawing anxiety, or ill-temper, characterized every face.

The train came up, and my poor companions were shuffled into it speedily, in heaps. I found an empty first-class carriage for myself: wondering how long universal suffrage would allow itself to be packed away in heaps, for my convenience.

At Lancaster, a father and daughter got in; presumably commercial. Father stoutly built and firm-featured, sagacious and cool. The girl hard and common; well dressed, except that her hat was cocked too high on her hair. They both read papers all the way to Warrington. I was not myself employed much better; the incessant rain making the windows a mere wilderness of dirty dribblings; and neither Preston nor

Wigan presenting anything lively to behold, I had settled myself to Mrs. Brown on Spelling Bees (an unusually forced and poor number of Mrs. Brown, by the way).

I had to change at Warrington for Chester. The weather bettered a little, while I got a cup of tea and slice of bread in the small refreshment room; contemplating, the while, in front of me, the panels of painted glass on its swinging doors, which represented two troubadours, in broadly striped blue and yellow breeches, purple jackets, and plumed caps; with golden-hilted swords, and enormous lyres. Both had soft curled moustaches, languishing eyes, open mouths, and faultless legs. Meanwhile lounged at the counter behind me, much bemused in beer, a perfect example of the special type of youthful blackguard now developing generally in England; more or less blackly pulpous and swollen in all the features, and with mingled expression of intense grossness and intense impudence,—half pig, half jackdaw.

There got in with me, when the train was ready, a middle-class person of commercial-traveller aspect, who had possessed himself of a "Graphic" from the newsboy; and whom I presently forgot, in examining the country on a line new to me, which became quickly, under gleams of broken sunlight, of extreme interest. Azure-

green fields of deep corn; undulations of sandstone hill, with here and there a broken crag at the edge of a cutting; presently the far glittering of the Solway-like sands of Dee, and rounded waves of the Welsh hills on the southern horizon, formed a landscape more fresh and fair than I have seen for many a day, from any great line of English rail. When I looked back to my fellow-traveller, he was sprawling all his lengtn on the cushion of the back seat, with his boots on his "Graphic,"—not to save the cushions assuredly, but in the foul modern carelessness of everything which we have "done with" for the moment;—his face clouded with sullen thought, as of a person helplessly in difficulty, and not able to give up thinking how to avoid the unavoidable.

In a minute or two more I found myself plunged into the general dissolution and whirlpool of porters, passengers, and crook-boned trucks, running round corners against one's legs, of the great Chester station. A simply-dressed upper-class girl of sixteen or seventeen, strictly and swiftly piloting her little sister through the populace, was the first human creature I had yet seen, on whom sight could rest without pain. The rest of the crowd was a mere dismal fermentation of the Ignominious.

The train to Ruabon was crowded, and I was

obliged to get into a carriage with two cadaverous sexagenarian spinsters, who had been keeping the windows up, all but a chink, for fear a drop of rain or breath of south wind should come in, and were breathing the richest compound of products of their own indigestion. Pretending to be anxious about the construction of the train, I got the farther window down, and my body well out of it; then put it only halfway up when the train left, and kept putting my head out without my hat; so as, if possible, to impress my fellow-passengers with the imminence of a collision, which could only be averted by extreme watchfulness on my part. Then requesting, with all the politeness I could muster, to be allowed to move a box with which they had occupied the corner-seat—"that I might sit face to the air"—I got them ashamed to ask that the window might be shut up again; but they huddled away into the opposite corner to make me understand how they suffered from the draught. Presently they got out two bags of blue grapes, and ate away unanimously, availing themselves of my open window to throw out rolled-up pips and skins.

General change, to my extreme relief, as to theirs, was again required at Ruabon, effected by a screwing backward and forward, for three-quarters of an hour, of carriages which one was

expecting every five minutes to get into; and which were puffed and pushed away again the moment one opened the door, with loud calls of "Stand back there." A group of half a dozen children, from eight to fourteen—the girls all in straw hats, with long hanging scarlet ribands—were more or less pleasant to see meanwhile; and sunshine through the puffs of petulant and cross-purposed steam, promised a pleasant run to Llangollen.

I had only the conventional "business man with a paper" for this run; and on his leaving the carriage at Llangollen, was just closing the door, thinking to have both windows at command, when my hand was stayed by the father of a family of four children, who, with their mother and aunt, presently filled the carriage, the children fitting or scrambling in anywhere, with expansive kicks and lively struggles. They belonged to the lower middle-class; the mother an ideal of the worthy commonplace, evidently hard put to it to make both ends meet, and wholly occupied in family concerns; her face fixed in the ignoble gravity of virtuous persons to whom their own troublesome households have become monasteries. The father, slightly more conscious of external things, submitting benevolently to his domestic happiness out on its annual holiday. The children ugly, fidgety, and ill-

bred, but not unintelligent,—full of questionings, "when" they were to get here, or there? how many rails there were on the line; which side the station was on, and who was to meet them. In such debate, varied by bodily contortions in every direction, they contrived to pass the half-hour which took us through the vale of Llangollen, past some of the loveliest brook and glen scenery in the world. But neither the man, the woman, nor any one of the children, looked out of the window once the whole way.

They got out at Corwen, leaving me to myself for the run past Bala lake and down the Dolgelly valley; but more sorrowful than of late has been my wont, in the sense of my total isolation from the thoughts and ways of the present English people. For I was perfectly certain that among all the crowd of living creatures whom I had that day seen,—scarlet ribands and all,—there was not one to whom I could have spoken a word on any subject interesting to me, which would have been intelligible to them.

But the first broad sum of fact, for the sake of which I have given this diary, is that among certainly not less than some seven or eight hundred people, seen by me in the course of this day, I saw not one happy face, and several hundreds of entirely miserable ones. The second broad sum of fact is, that out of the few,—not

happy,—but more or less spirited and complacent faces I saw, among the lower and the mercantile classes, what life or spirit they had depended on a peculiar cock-on-a-dunghill character of impudence, which meant a total inability to conceive any good or lovely thing in this world or any other: and the third sum of fact is, that in this rich England I saw only eight out of eight hundred persons gracefully dressed and decently mannered.

### PROCEEDS OF "DENMARK HILL."

I have round me here at Denmark Hill seven acres of leasehold ground. I pay £50 a year ground rent, and £250 a year in wages to my gardeners; besides expenses in fuel for hothouses, and the like. And for this sum of three hundred odd pounds a year I have some peas and strawberries in summer; some camellias and azaleas in winter; and good cream, and a quiet place to walk in, all the year round. Of the strawberries, cream, and peas, I eat more than is good for me; sometimes, of course, obliging my friends with a superfluous pottle or pint. The camellias and azaleas stand in the anteroom of my library; and everybody says, when they come in, "how pretty," and my young lady friends

have leave to gather what they like to put in their hair.

### DRESS FOR THE BENEFIT OF BEHOLDERS.

When a lady walks about town with three or four yards of silk tied in a bundle behind her, she doesn't see it herself, or benefit by it herself. She carries it for the benefit of beholders. When she has put all her diamonds on in the evening, tell her to stay at home and enjoy them in a radiant solitude; and the child, with his forbidden barley-sugar, will not look more blank. She carries her caparison either for the pleasure or for the mortification of society; and can no more enjoy its brilliancy by herself than a chandelier can enjoy having its gas lighted.

### THE INDUSTRIOUS PRINCESS.

The Princess, whom I judged to be industrious because she went on working while she talked to her father about her marriage, cannot on this ground be praised beyond Princesses in general; for, indeed, the little mischief instead of working, as I thought,—while her father is leaning his head on his hand in the greatest dis-

tress at the thought of parting with her,—is trying on her marriage ring!

### THE RIGHT.

I must do what *I* think right." How often is this sentence uttered and acted on—bravely—nobly—innocently; but always—because of its egotism—erringly. You must not do what YOU think right, but, whether you or anybody think, or don't think it, what *is* right.

"I must act according to the dictates of my conscience."

By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quite sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.

### ALICE OF SALISBURY.

I want you not to forget Alice of Salisbury. King Edward's first sight of her was just after she had held her castle exactly in this way, against a raid of the Scots in Lord Salisbury's absence. Edward rode night and day to help her; and the Scots besiegers, breaking up at his approach, this is what follows, which you may receive on Froissart's telling as the vital and effectual truth of the matter.

"So the King came at noon; and angry he was to find the Scots gone; for he had come in such haste that all his people and horses were dead-tired and toiled. So every one went to rest; and the King, as soon as he was disarmed, took ten or twelve knights with him, and went toward the castle to salute the Countess, and see how the defence had been made. So soon as the Lady of Salisbury knew of the King's coming, she made all the gates be opened (inmost and outmost at once), and came out, so richly dressed that every one was wonderstruck at her, and no one could cease looking at her, nor from receiving, as if they had been her mirrors, the reflection of her great nobleness, and her great beauty, and her gracious speaking and bearing herself. When she came to the King, she bowed down to the earth, over against him, in thanking him for his help, and brought him to the castle, to delight him and honor him—as she who well knew how to do it. Every one looked at her, even to amazement, and the King himself could not stop looking at her, for it seemed to him that in the world never was lady who was so much to be loved as she. So they went hand in hand into the castle, and the Lady led him first into the great hall, and then into her own chamber (what the French now call a pouting-room, but the ladies of that day either

smiled or frowned, but did not pout), which was nobly furnished, as befitted such lady. And always the King looked at the gentle Lady, so hard that she became all ashamed. When he had looked at her a long while, he went away to a window, to lean upon it, and began to think deeply. The Lady went to cheer the other knights and squires; then ordered the dinner to be got ready, and the room to be dressed. When she had devised all, and commanded her people what seemed good to her, she returned with a gladsome face before the King."

---

### SAINT URSULA.

There was once a just and most Christian King of Britain, called Maurus. To him and to his wife Daria was born a little girl, the fairest creature that this earth ever saw. She came into the world wrapped in a hairy mantle, and all men wondered greatly what this might mean. Then the King gathered together his wise men to inquire of them. But they could not make known the thing to him, for only God in Heaven knew how the rough robe signified that she should follow holiness and purity all her days, and the wisdom of St. John the Baptist. And

because of the mantle, they called her "Ursula," —"Little Bear."

Now Ursula grew day by day in grace and loveliness, and in such wisdom that all men marvelled. Yet should they not have marvelled, since with God all things are possible. And when she was fifteen years old, she was a light of all wisdom, and a glass of all beauty, and a fountain of scripture and of sweet ways. Lovelier woman there was not alive. Her speech was so full of all delight that it seemed as though an angel of Paradise had taken human flesh. And in all the kingdom no weighty thing was done without counsel of Ursula.

So her fame was carried through the earth, and a King of England, a heathen of over-seas, hearing, was taken with the love of her. And he set all his heart on having her for wife to his son Æther, and for daughter in his home. So he sent a mighty and honorable embassy, of earls and marquesses, with goodly company of knights, and ladies, and philosophers; bidding them, with all courtesy and discretion, pray King Maurus to give Ursula in marriage to Æther. "But," he said, "if Maurus will not hear your gentle words, open to him all my heart, and tell him that I will ravage his land with fire, and slay his people, and make himself die a cruel death, and will, after, lead Ursula

away with me. Give him but three days to answer, for I am wasted with desire to finish the matter, and hold Ursula in my ward."

But when the ambassadors came to King Maurus, he would not have his daughter wed a heathen; so, since prayers and gifts did not move him, they spoke out all the threats. Now the land of Britain was little, and its soldiers few, while the heathen was a mighty King and a conqueror; so Maurus, and his Queen, and his councillors, and all the people, were in sore distress.

But on the evening of the second day, Ursula went into her chamber, and shut close the doors; and before the image of the Father, who is very pitiful, prayed all night with tears, telling how she had vowed in her heart to live a holy maiden all her days, having Christ alone for spouse. But, if His will were that she should wed the son of the heathen King, she prayed that wisdom might be given her to turn the hearts of all that people who knew not faith nor holiness; and power to comfort her father and mother, and all the people of her fatherland.

And when the clear light of dawn was in the air she fell asleep. And the Angel of the Lord appeared to her in a dream, saying, "Ursula, your prayer is heard. At the sunrising you shall go boldly before the ambassadors of the

King of Over-sea, for the God of Heaven shall give you wisdom, and teach your tongue what it should speak." When it was day, Ursula arose to bless and glorify the name of God. She put on for covering and for beauty an enwrought mantle like the starry sky, and was crowned with a coronet of gems. Then, straightway passing to her father's chamber, she told him what grace had been done to her that night, and all that now was in her heart to answer to the ambassadors of Over-sea. So, though long he would not, she persuaded her father.

Then Maurus, and his lords and councillors, and the ambassadors of the heathen King, were gathered in the Hall of Council. And when Ursula entered the place where these lords were, one said to the other, "Who is this that comes from Paradise?" For she moved in all noble gentleness, with eyes inclined to earth, learned, and frank, and fair, delightful above all women upon earth. Behind her came a hundred maidens, clothed in white silk, fair and lovely. They shone brightly as the stars, but Ursula shone as the moon and the evening star.

Now this was the answer Ursula made, which the King caused to be written, and sealed with the royal seal, and gave to the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea.

"I will take," she said, "for spouse, Æther,

the son of my lord the King of Over-sea. But I ask of my lord three graces, and with heart and soul pray of him to grant them.

"The first grace I ask is this, that he, and the Queen, and their son, my spouse, be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

"The second grace is that three years may be given me, before the bridal, in which to go to and fro upon the sea, that I may visit the bodies of the Saints in Rome, and the blessed places of the Holy Land.

"And for the last grace I ask that he choose ten fair maidens of his kingdom, and with each of these a thousand more, all of gentle blood, who shall come to me here, in Britain, and go with me in gladness upon the sea, following this my holy pilgrimage."

Then spake one of the nobles of the land to Maurus, saying, "My lord the King, this your daughter is the Dove of Peace come from Paradise, the same that in the days of the flood brought to the Ark of Noah the olive branch of good news." And at the answer, were the ambassadors so full of joy that they well nigh could not speak, and with praise and triumph they went their way, and told their master all the sweet answer of Ursula.

Then my lord the King said, "Praised and

blessed be the name of our God Malcometto, who has given my soul for comfort that which it desired. Truly there is not a franker lady under the wheel of the sun; and by the body of my mother I swear there is nothing she can ask that I will not freely give. First of the maidens she desires shall be my daughter Florence." Then all his lords rose, man by man, and gladly named, each, his child.

So the will of Ursula was done; and that King, and all his folk, were baptized into the Holy Faith. And Æther, with the English maidens, in number above ten thousand, came to the land of Britain.

Then Ursula chose her own four sisters, Habila, and Julia, and Victoria, and Aurea, and a thousand daughters of her people, with certain holy bishops, and great lords, and grave councillors, and an abbot of the order of St. Benedict, men full of all wisdom, and friends of God.

So all that company set sail in eleven ships, and passing this way and that upon the sea, rejoiced in it, and in this their maiden pilgrimage. And those who dwelt by the shores of the sea came forth in multitudes to gaze upon them as they passed, and to each man it appeared a delightful vision. For the ships sailed in fair order, side by side, with sound of sweet psalms and murmur of the waters. And the maidens

were clad, some in scarlet and some in pure samite, some in rich silk and Damascus, some in cloth of gold, and some in the purple robe that is woven in Judea. Some wore crowns, others garlands of flowers. Upon the shoulder of each was the visible cross, in the hands of each a pilgrim's staff, by their sides were pilgrim's scrips, and each ship's company sailed under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross. Ursula in the midst was like a ray of sunlight, and the Angel of the Lord was ever with them for guide.

So in the holy time of Lent they came to Rome. And when my lord the Pope came forth, under the Castle of St. Angelo, with great state, to greet them, seeing their blessed assembly, he put off the mantle of Peter, and with many bishops, priests, and brothers, and certain cardinals, set himself to go with them on their blessed pilgrimage.

At length they came to the land of Slavonia, whose ruler was friend and liegeman to the Soldan of Babylon. Then the Lord of the Saracens sent straightway to the Soldan, telling what a mighty company had come to his land, and how they were Christian folk. And the Soldan gathered all his men of war, and with great rage the host of the heathen made against the company of Ursula.

And when they were nigh, the Soldan cried,

and said, "What folk are ye?" And Ursula spake in answer, "We are Christian folk: our feet are turned to the blessed tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the saving of our souls, and that we may win grace to pass into eternal life, in the blessed Paradise." And the Soldan answered, "Either deny your God, or I will slay you all with the sword. So shall ye die a dolorous death, and see your land no more." And Ursula answered, "Even so we desire to be sure witnesses of the name of God, declaring and preaching the glory of His name; because He has made heaven and earth and the sea by His word; and afterward all living things; and afterward has willed Himself to die, for our salvation and glory. And who follows Him shall go to rejoice in *His* Fatherland and in His Kingdom."

Then she turned to her people: "My sisters and my brothers, in this place God has given us great grace. Embrace and make it sure, for our death in this place will be life perpetual, and joy, and sweetness never ending. And there, above, we shall be with the Majesty and the angels of Paradise." Then she called her spouse to comfort and teach him. And he answered her with these words, "To me it appears three thousand years that death is a-coming, so much have I already tasted of the sweetness of Paradise."

Then the Soldan gave commandment that they should all be slain with the sword. And so was it done.

Yet when he saw Ursula standing, in the midst of all that slaughter, like the fairest stalk of corn in the harvest, and how she was exceeding lovely, beyond the tongues of this earth to tell, he would have saved her alive, and taken her for wife. But when she would not, and rebuked him, he was moved with anger. Now there was a bow in his hand, and he set an arrow on the string, and drew it with all his strength, and it pierced the heart of the glorious maiden. So she went to God.

And one maiden only, whose name was Corbula, through fear hid herself in the ship. But God, who had chosen all that company, gave her heart, and with the dawn of the next day she came forth willingly, and received the martyr's crown.

Thus all were slain, and all are gone to Paradise, and sing the glad and sweet songs of Paradise.

---

### REDEEMED FROM DEATH.

Read the whole passage from the beginning: "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before

God. And the books were opened;"—and so to the end.

"*Stand*" in renewed perfectness of body and soul—each redeemed from its own manner of death.

For have not they each their own manner? As the seed by the drought, or the thorn,—so the soul by the soul's hunger, and the soul's pang;—athirst in the springless sand; choked in the return-wave of Edom; grasped by the chasm of the earth: some yet calling "out of the depths;" but some—"Thou didst blow with Thy wind, and the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters." But *now* the natural grave, in which the gentle saints resigned their perfect body to the dust, and perfect spirit to Him who gave it;—and now the wide sea of the world, that drifted with its weeds so many breasts that heaved but with the heaving deep;—and now the death that overtook the lingering step, and closed the lustful eyes;—and now the hell, that hid with its shade, and scourged with its agony, the fierce and foul spirits that had forced its gates in flesh:*—all these the Loved Apostle saw, compelled to restore their ruin; and all these, their prey, stand once again, renewed, as their Maker made them, before

---

* *Conf.* "Inferno," XXIII. 123.

their Maker. "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell the dead which were in them."

TOBIAS.

Above the sculpture of Presumptuous Sin is carved the Angel Michael, with the lifted sword. Above the sculpture of Erring Sin, is carved the Angel Raphael, leading Tobias and his dog.

Not *Tobit* and his dog, observe. It is very needful for us to understand the separate stories of the father and son, which gave this subject so deep a meaning to the mediæval Church. Read the opening chapter of Tobit, to the end of his prayer. That prayer, you will find, is the seeking of death rather than life, in entirely noble despair. Erring, but innocent; blind, but *not thinking that he saw*,—therefore without sin.

To him the angel of all beautiful life is sent, hidden in simplicity of human duty, taking a servant's place for hire, to lead his son in all right and happy ways of life, explaining to him, and showing to all of us who read, in faith, for ever, what is the root of all the material evil in the world, the great error of seeking pleasure before use. This is the dreadfulness which brings the true horror of death into the world,

which hides God in death, and which makes all the lower creatures of God—even the happiest, —suffer with us; even the most innocent, injure us.

### "DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

You must understand the Lord's Prayer—and *pray it;* knowing, and desiring, the good you ask; knowing also, and abhorring, the evil you ask to be delivered from; knowing and obeying your Father who is in Heaven; knowing and wrestling with "your Destroyer" who is come down to earth; and praying and striving also, that your Father's will may be done there,—not his; and your Father's kingdom come there, and not his.

And finally, I tell you, you cannot know God, unless also you know His and your adversary, and have no fellowship with the works of that Living Darkness, and put upon you the armor of that Living Light.

"Phrases,—still phrases," think you? My friends, the evil spirit indeed exists; and in so exact contrary power to God's, that as men go straight to God by believing in Him, they go straight to the Devil by disbelieving in him. Do but fairly rise to fight him, and you will feel him

fast enough, and have as much on your hands as you are good for. Act, then. Act—yourselves, waiting for no one. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, to the last farthing in your own power.

THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

I. THE LAW OF THE LORD. Which is perfect, converting the soul.

That is the constant law of creation, which breathes life into matter, soul into life.

II. THE TESTIMONIES OF THE LORD. Which are sure,—making wise the simple.

These are what He has told us of His law, by the lips of the prophets,—from Enoch, the seventh from Adam, by Moses, by Hesiod, by David, by Elijah, by Isaiah, by the Delphic Sibyl, by Dante, by Chaucer, by Giotto. Sure testimonies all; their witness agreeing together, making wise the simple—that is to say, all holy and humble men of heart.

III. THE STATUTES OF THE LORD. Which are right, and rejoice the heart.

These are the appointed conditions that govern human life;—that reward virtue, infallibly; punish vice, infallibly;—gladsome to see in operation. The righteous shall be glad when

he seeth the vengeance—how much more in the mercy to thousands?

IV. THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD. Which is pure, enlightening the eyes.

This is the written law—under (as we count) ten articles, but in many more, if you will read. Teaching us, in so many words, when we cannot discern it unless we are told, what the will of our Master is.

V. THE FEAR OF THE LORD. Which is clean, enduring forever.

Fear, or faith,—in this sense one: the human faculty that purifies, and enables us to see this sunshine; and to be warmed by it, and made to live forever in it.

VI. THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD. Which are true, and righteous altogether.

These are His searchings out and chastisements of our sins; His praise and reward of our battle; the fiery trial that tries us, but is "no strange thing"; the crown that is laid up for all that love His appearing. More to be desired are they than gold:—(David thinks first of these special judgments)—Sweeter than honey or the honeycomb;—moreover by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward. Then—pausing—"who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from the faults I know not, and keep me from those I know; and

let the words of my lips, and the thoughts of my brain, be acceptable in thy open sight—oh, Lord, my strength, who hast made me,—my Redeemer, who hast saved."

TONI'S DOG.

If I don't tell you my tale of the Venetian doggie at once, it's all over with it. How so much love and life can be got into a little tangle of floss silk, St. Theodore knows, not I; and its master is one of the best servants in this world, to one of the best masters. It was to be drowned, soon after its eyes had opened to the light of sea and sky,—a poor worthless wet flake of floss silk it had like to have been, presently. Toni pitied it, pulled it out of the water, bought it for certain sous, brought it home under his arm. What it learned out of his heart in that half-hour, again, St. Theodore knows;—but the mute spiritual creature has been his own, verily, from that day, and only lives for him. Toni, being a pious Toni as well as a pitiful, went this last autumn, in his holiday, to see the Pope; but did not think of taking the doggie with him (who, St. Theodore would surely have said, ought to have seen the Pope too). Whereupon, the little silken mystery wholly refused to eat.

No coaxing, no tempting, no nursing, would cheer the desolate-minded thing from that sincere fast. It would drink a little, and was warmed and medicined as best might be. Toni came back from Rome in time to save it; but it was not its gay self again for many and many a day after; the terror of such loss, as yet again possible, weighing on the reviving mind (stomach, supposably, much out of order also). It greatly dislikes getting itself wet; for, indeed, the tangle of its mortal body takes half a day to dry; some terror and thrill of uncomprehended death, perhaps, remaining on it, also,—who knows? but once, after this terrible Roman grief, running along the quay cheerfully beside rowing Toni, it saw him turn the gondola's head six feet aside, as if going away. The dog dashed into the water like a mad thing. "See, now, if aught but death part thee and me."

---

STAR-LIGHT.

I have nothing to do, nor have you, with what is happening in space (or possibly may happen in time); we have only to attend to what is happening here—and now. Yonder, stars are rising. Have you ever noticed their order, heard their ancient names, thought of what they were, as

teachers, "lecturers," in that large public hall of the night, to the wisest men of old? Have you ever thought of the direct promise to you yourselves, that you may be like them if you will? "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."

---

### TRUE RELIGIONS FORMS OF PRAYER.

I found, and have always since taught, and do teach, and shall teach, I doubt not, till I die, that in resolving to do our work well, is the only sound foundation of any religion whatsoever; and that by that resolution only, and what we have done, and not by our belief, Christ will judge us, as He has plainly told us He will (though nobody believes Him), in the resurrection.

All the true religions of the world are forms of the prayer, "Search me, and know my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

And there are broadly speaking, two ways in which the Father of men does this: the first, by making them eager to tell their faults to Him themselves (Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee); the second, by making them

sure they cannot be hidden, if they would: "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there."

The day will be ill-spent in which you have not been able, at least once, to say the Lord's Prayer with understanding: and if after it you accustom yourself to say, with the same intentness, that familiar one in your church service, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc., you will not fear, during the rest of the day, to answer any questions which it may conduce to your neighbor's good should be put to you.

## MISCHIEVOUS FAIR ONES.

I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being too personal; but truly, I find vaguely objurgatory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls *σκιαμαχία*, or shadow-fight: and that unless one can plainly say, Thou art the man (or woman, which is more probable), one might as well say nothing at all. So I will frankly tell, without wandering into wider circles, among my own particular friends, whose fault it is. First, those two lovely ladies who were studying the Myosotis palustris with me;—yes, and by the way, a little beauty from Cheshire who came in afterwards;—and then, that charming—(I didn't say she was charming, but she

was, and is)—lady whom I had charge of at Furness Abbey, and her two daughters; and those three beautiful girls who tormented me so on the 23d of May, 1875, and another one who greatly disturbed my mind at church, only a Sunday or two ago, with the sweetest little white straw bonnet I had ever seen, only letting a lock or two escape of the curliest hair,—so that I was fain to make her a present of a Prayer-book afterwards, advising her that her tiny ivory one was too coquettish,—and my own pet cousin; and—I might name more, but leave their accusation to their consciences.

These, and the like of them (not that there are very many their like), are the very head and front of mischief; first because, as I told them in Queen's Gardens, ages ago, they have it in their power to do whatever they like with men and things, and yet do so little with either; and secondly, because by very reason of their beauty and virtue, they have become the excuse for all the iniquity of our days: it seems so impossible that the social order which produces such creatures should be a wrong one.

---

### DESTINY AND PROVIDENCE.

In some separate pieces, the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human

fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing, in the root of it, to the violation of some moral law: "*She hath deceived her father*,—and may thee." The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in that one line—the double sin, namely, of daughter and father; of the first into lawlessly forgetting her own people, and her father's house; and of the second, in allowing his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal love, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his paternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child. Nor, even thus, is Shakespeare content without marking, in the name of the victim of evil fortune, his purpose in the tragedy, of showing that there *is* such a thing as destiny, permitted to veil the otherwise clear Providence, and to leave it only to be found by noble will, and proved by noble faith.

## "HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN."

Although always, in reading Scott, one thinks the story one has last finished the best, there can be little question that the one which has right of pre-eminence is the "Heart of Midlothian," being devoted to the protraiture of the purest life and most vital religion of his native country.

It is also the most distinct in its assertion of the moral law; the assignment of earthly reward and punishment being, in this story, as accurately proportioned to the degrees of virtue and vice as the lights and shades of a photograph to the force of the rays. The absolute truth and faith of Jeanie make the suffering through which she has to pass the ultimate cause of an entirely prosperous and peaceful life for herself, her father, and her lover: the falsehood and vanity of Effie prepare for her a life of falsehood and vanity: the pride of David Deans is made the chief instrument of his humiliation; and the self-confidence, which separated him from true fellowship with his brother-Christians, becomes the cause of his eternal separation from his child.

Also, there is no other analysis of the good and evil of the pure Protestant faith which can be for a moment compared to that in the "Heart of Midlothian," showing that in an entirely simple, strong, and modest soul it brings forth fruit of all good works and kindly thoughts; but that, when it meets with innate pride, and the unconquerable selfishness which comes from want of sympathy, it leads into ludicrous and fatal self-worship, mercilessness to the errors, whether in thought or conduct, of others; and blindness to the teaching of God Himself, where it is contrary to the devotee's own habits of thought.

### HEALTHY READING.

The sense, to a healthy mind, of being strengthened or enervated by reading, is just as definite and unmistakable as the sense, to a healthy body, of being in fresh or foul air: and no more arrogance is involved in forbidding the reading of an unwholesome book, than in a physician's ordering the windows to be opened in a sick room. There is no question whatever concerning these matters, with any person who honestly desires to be informed about them;—the real arrogance is only in expressing judgments, either of books or anything else, respecting which we have taken no trouble to be informed.

### POWER OF PAINTING.

The one thing you have to learn—the one power truly called that of "painting"—is to lay on any colored substance, whatever its consistence may be (from mortar to ether), *at once*, of the exact tint you want, in the exact form you want, and in the exact quantity you want. *That* is painting.

Now, you are well aware that to play on the violin well requires some practice. Painting is playing on a color-violin, seventy-times-seven

stringed, and inventing your tune as you play it! That is the easy, simple, straightforward business you have to learn. Here is your catgut and your mahogany—better or worse quality of both of course there may be—Cremona tone, and so on, to be discussed with due care, in due time; —you cannot paint miniature on the sail of a fishing-boat, nor do the fine work with hog's bristles that you can with camel's hair:—all these catgut and bristle questions shall have their place; but the primary question of all is—*can* you *play?*

Perfectly, you never can, but by birth-gift. The entirely first-rate musicians and painters are born, like Mercury;—their words are music, and their touch is gold: sound and color wait on them from their youth; and no practice will ever enable other human creatures to do anything like them. The most favorable conditions, the most docile and apt temper, and the unwearied practice of life, will never enable any painter of merely average human capacity to lay a single touch like Gainsborough, Velasquez, Tintoretto, or Luini. But to understand that the matter must still depend on practice *as well* as on genius,—that painting is not one wit less, but more, difficult than playing on an instrument,—and that your care as a student, on the whole, is not to be given to the quality of your piano, but

of your touch,—this is the great fact which I have to teach you respecting color; this is the root of all excellent doing and perceiving.

And you will be utterly amazed, when once you begin to feel what color means, to find how many qualities which appear to result from peculiar method and material do indeed depend only on loveliness of execution; and how divine the law of nature is, which has so connected the immortality of beauty with patience of industry, that by precision and rightness of laborious art you may at last literally command the rainbow to stay, and forbid the sun to set.

---

### GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Those parents who love their children most tenderly cannot but sometimes dwell on the old Christian fancy, that they have guardian angels. I call it an old fancy, in deference to your modern enlightenment in religion; but I assure you nevertheless, in spite of all that illumination, there remains yet some dark possibility that the old fancy may be true; and that, although the modern apothecary cannot exhibit to you either an angel or an imp in a bottle, the spiritual powers of heaven and hell are, no less now than heretofore, contending for the souls of your

children; and contending with *you*—for the privilege of their tutorship.

Forgive me if I use, for the few minutes I have yet to speak to you, the ancient language —metaphorical, if you will—of Luther and Fenelon, of Dante and Milton, of Goethe and Shakespeare, of St. John and St. Paul, rather than your modern metaphysical or scientific slang; and if I tell you, what in the issue of it you will find is either life-giving or deadly fact, —that the fiends and the angels contend with you daily for the spirits of your children: the devil using to you his old, his hitherto immortal bribes of lust and pride; and the angels pleading with you still, that they may be allowed to lead your babes in the divine life of the pure and the lowly. To enrage their lusts, and chiefly the vilest lust of money, the devils would drag them to the classes that teach them how to get on in the world; and for the better pluming of their pride, provoke their zeal in the sciences which will assure them of there being no God in nature but the gas of their own graves.

And of these powers you may discern the one from the other by a vivid, instant, practical test. The devils always will exhibit to you what is loathsome, ugly, and above all, dead; and the angels, what is pure, beautiful, and above all, living.

Take an actual, literal instance. Of all known quadrupeds, the unhappiest and vilest yet alive is the sloth, having this further strange devilry in him, that what activity he is capable of is in storm, and in the night. Well, the devil takes up this creature, and makes a monster of it,—gives it legs as big as hogsheads, claws stretched like the roots of a tree, shoulders like a hump of crag, and a skull as thick as a paving-stone. From this nightmare monster he takes what poor faculty of motion the creature, though wretched, has in its minuter size; and shows you, instead of the clinging climber that scratched and scrambled from branch to branch among the rattling trees as they bowed in storm, only a vast heap of stony bones and staggering clay, that drags its meat down to its mouth out of the forest ruin. This creature the fiends delight to exhibit to you, but are permitted by the nobler powers only to exhibit to you in its death.

On the other hand, as of all quadrupeds there is none so ugly or so miserable as the sloth, so, take him for all in all, there is none so beautiful, so happy, as the squirrel. Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity of the monkey, with the grace and the brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more

like a sunbeam than a living creature; it leaps, and darts, and twines, where it will;—a chamois is slow to it; and a panther, clumsy: grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of the rush, beautiful and strong like the spiral of a fern, it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the angel that walks with your children had made it himself for their heavenly plaything.

And this is what *you* do, to thwart alike your child's angel and his God,—you take him out of the woods into the town,—you send him from modest labor to competitive schooling,—you force him out of the fresh air into the dusty bone-house,—you show him the skeleton of the dead monster, and make him pore over its rotten cells and wire-stitched joints, and vile extinct capacities of destruction,—and when he is choked and sickened with useless horror and putrid air, you let him—regretting the waste of time—go out for once to play again by the woodside;—and the first squirrel he sees, he throws a stone at.

Carry, then, I beseech you, this assured truth away with you to-night. All true science begins in the love, not the dissection, of your fellow creatures; and it ends in the love not the analysis, of God. Your alphabet of science is in the nearest knowledge, as your alphabet of science

is in the nearest duty. "Behold, it is nigh thee, even at the doors." The Spirit of God is around you in the air that you breathe, His glory in the light that you see; and in the fruitfulness of the earth, and the joy of its creatures, He has written for you, day by day, His revelation, as He has granted you, day by day, your daily bread.

THE END.

DEC - 8 1942

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2004

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111